Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

JANUARY

15¢

LAURA DEANE DUTTON
Blue Network Singing Star

"AS LONG AS I LIVE"—The Poignant Love Story of One Precious Day

Full Color Photograph of CHICHI, Captivating Heroine of "Life Can Be Beautiful"

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● "What are you doing to him?" she choked. "Mike — what are you doing to him?"

"Trying to give him a bath," I explained, hope suddenly hot in my heart.

"Here — let me," breathed Anne. "Oh, the poor lamb — the poor little lamb . . ."

Here is the throbbing story of an adoring young husband whose lovely wife freezes him from her heart—after the death of their baby daughter. In desperation, he secretly adopts a baby boy and brings him into their home—but the problem only increases until...

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Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

hearts surrender to a radiant smile!

To give your smile extra sparkle and appeal, brighten your teeth with Ipana and Massage!

TAKE COURAGE, plain girl—and smile! You don't need beauty to win your heart's desire. Just glance about you at the girls who are well-loved—the brides-to-be—the happy young wives—

Very few can claim real beauty . . . *but they all know how to smile!* Not timid, half-hearted smiles. But big, heart-warming smiles that light their faces like sunshine!

You, too, can have that same magnetic appeal—compelling, irresistible. So smile, plain girl, *smile!* Let your smile turn heads, win hearts, invite new happiness for you.

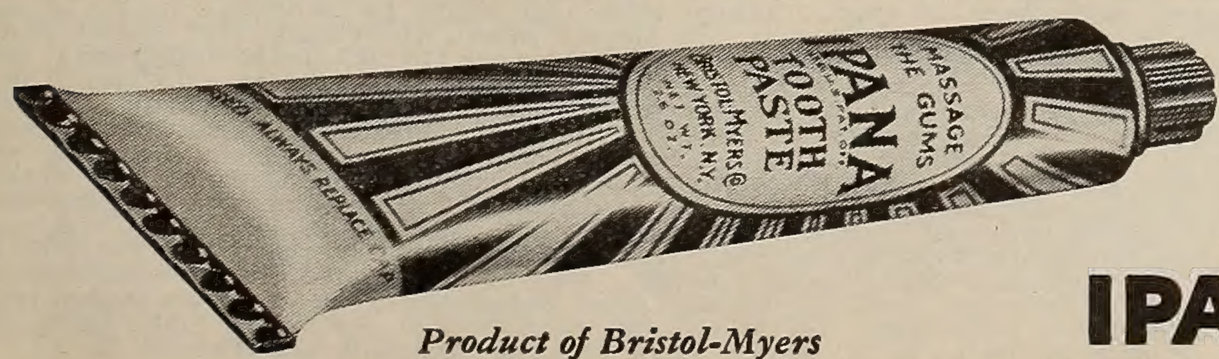
But it must be a *brave* smile, flashing freely and unafraid. For that kind of smile, you must have teeth you are proud to show. And remember, sparkling teeth depend largely on firm, healthy gums.

"Pink Tooth Brush"—a warning!

If you see "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* He may say your gums have become tender—robbed of exercise by today's soft, creamy foods. And, like many dentists today, he may very likely suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."

For Ipana not only cleans teeth thoroughly but, with massage, it helps the health of your gums. Just massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums when you brush your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means gum circulation is quickening—helping gums to new firmness.

Make Ipana and massage part of your regular dental routine and help yourself to have brighter teeth and firmer gums—a more attractive, sparkling smile!



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January, 1943 Vol. 19, No. 3

Radio Mirror

THE MAGAZINE OF RADIO ROMANCES

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Color Portrait by Ben de Brocke
(Miss Dutton's dress, courtesy of Russeks, New York)

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Overheard

EXPOSING HIDDEN HUNGER

IF you're still wondering just what and how much food to give that family of yours, then here's an unbeatable daily guide: Milk, 2 glasses; fruit and vegetables, 2 helpings of each, one raw, if possible; 1 egg; about 2 tablespoons of butter; 5 or 6 slices of whole wheat or enriched bread; fish or poultry or meat, one serving; cheese, one serving; plenty of good, cold water to drink, tea or coffee, of course; but only the rationed amount.—Richard Kent—The Travelling Cook, The Blue Network.

EXCELSIOR PEANUTS

In sending packages to the boys in camp, make sure the goodies arrive unbroken by filling the space between the containers with peanuts. These will keep the small objects from rattling and also supply some edibles the boys will be glad to munch on. Peanuts are so light in weight that they add very little to the weight of the packages—Mrs. H. Fine, St. Joseph, Missouri, household hint prize-winner, Meet Your Neighbor with Alma Kitchell, Blue Network.

COOK'S PALS: MARBLES

Candy-making hint: Drop three or four marbles into the bottom of the pan while the candy is cooking. This will keep it from burning, and will do most of the stirring, as the boiling will keep the marbles in motion.—Nancy Craig's Woman of Tomorrow program, WJZ, N. Y.

HOME DRY-CLEANING

More dresses are ruined by incorrect pressing than in any other way, according to Phil Cooper, speaking for the cleaning industry.

Since most of us have no idea what the yarn content of our dresses is, Mr. Cooper advises testing by cutting a small bit from a seam and applying a lighted match. Pure silk will burn into ashes. Celanese sort of smothers and hardens. So, if your dress is made of silk, press with a damp cloth. If it's made of celanese, it must be pressed dry with a moderate iron.

You must never press print dresses through a damp cloth—whether silk or celanese—unless you want a rainbow effect.

To remove grease spots, place the soiled article on a clean, white towel, and saturate the spot liberally with benzine or naphtha, applying with a bit of cheesecloth dipped in the fluid. To avoid rings, moisten the cheesecloth again, and apply quickly all around the spotted area, then dry with a dry cloth. —Adelaide Hawley, Woman's Page of the Air, CBS.

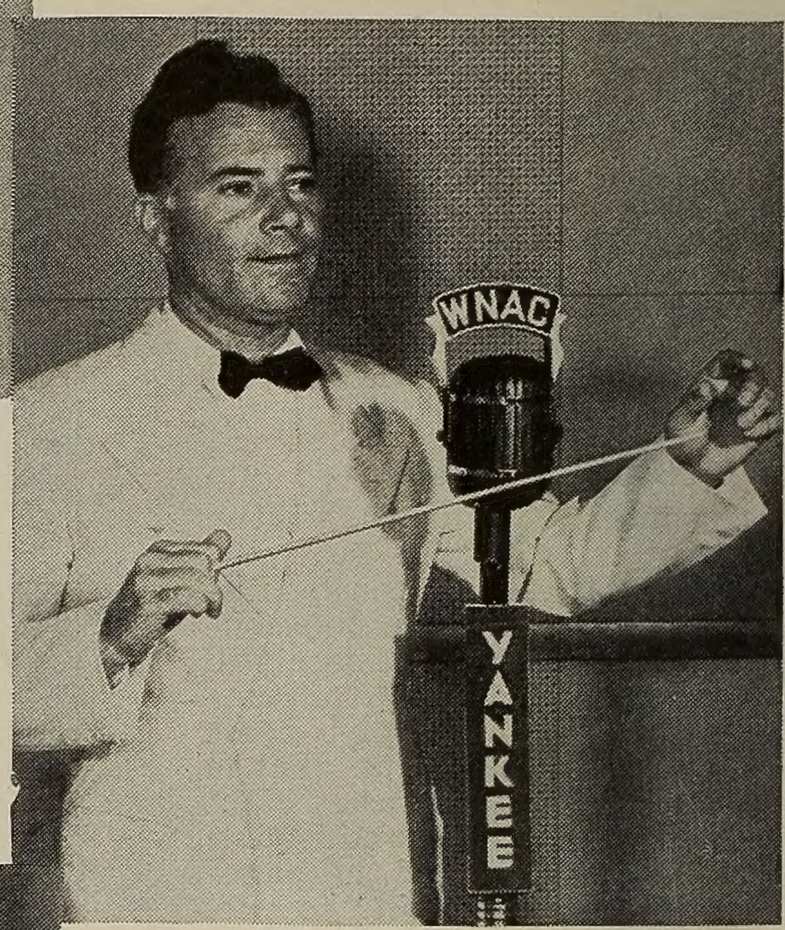
"To be his Guiding Star try my *W.B.N.C."

WOODBURY COLD CREAM

Beauty Nightcap of the Stars

Beauty isn't Rationed. Get Woodbury Cold Cream today. Big economy jars, $1.25, 75¢; also 50¢, 25¢ and 10¢ sizes.

Don't believe all you hear on the Vallee show about Joan Davis looking for someone to love. She's happily married to Cy Bartlett, left. Below, Bobby Norris is the orchestra leader of the Yankee network's popular House Party program.



What's New from Coast to Coast

By DALE BANKS

Left, Jack Shook plays the guitar and leads the Mountaineers on WSM's Grand Ole Oprey.

NANCY MARSHALL, radio's Big Sister, resigned from her radio program and left the United States in mid-November, to join her husband, Frank Getman, who is producing broadcasts in Bogota, South America. The new Big Sister hadn't been selected when we went to press.

* * *

Real-life romance: When Perry Lafferty, CBS director, was beginning the Matinee at Meadowbrook series, a pretty brunette named Fran Carden auditioned for one of the parts. She not only won the job, but Perry's heart, too, and around Christmastime she'll become Mrs. Perry Lafferty. Only Perry isn't a radio director now—he's Corporal Lafferty, and he's attending Officers' Candidates School at the Army Air Force base in Miami Beach, Florida.

* * *

Bette Davis donated every cent of the three-figure fee she received for guesting on Bob Hope's program to the Hollywood Servicemen's Canteen, of which she is president.

* * *

Harlow Wilcox, Fibber McGee and Molly's announcer, may be in uniform soon.

* * *

It's Mary Rolfe, young and very pretty Broadway actress, who gets the role of Mary, Henry's sister, on The Aldrich Family show. Mary can be right proud of herself—practically every radio actress in New York was tested for the part.

* * *

Congratulations to Bachelor's Children! It's the only daytime radio serial to be chosen by the Co-ordinator of Inter-American Affairs for broadcasting as a good neighbor gesture to South America. The idea, of course, is to give our friends to the south a picture of American life as it really is, not as many of our movies have it.

* * *

Have you noticed that Duffy's Tavern has dropped the last half of its title and become just plain Duffy's? Nobody seems to know exactly why the sponsor decided on the move, but the likeliest explanation is that too many eating-and-drinking places all across the country were changing their names to "Duffy's Tavern" in order to cash in on the publicity.

* * *

BOSTON—No one but his mother ever thought it would be possible to make a violinist out of Bobby Norris—much less an orchestra leader. But here he is today, directing the Yankee House Party orchestra over the Yankee network, and doing right well at it too.

When he was a school-boy in Lydonville, Vermont, Bobby fully intended to be a baseball player. His mother, undismayed, never gave up trying to induce him to take violin lessons and finally, when he was sixteen, Bobby decided the best way to keep her quiet was to take a few lessons and thus prove what a waste of money they were.

To his own amazement he showed remarkable talent from the very beginning. His mother just beamed and said, "I told you so." Two years later he entered Tufts College, and every night of his four years there found him in great demand by orchestras all around New England.

Once he started, Bobby was just as rabidly determined to study music as he'd previously been not to. He was the pupil of men who were authorities on dance music, symphonies and chamber music, and finally got so he was equally at home in all three types.

When Ray Noble brought his orchestra from *Continued on page* 76

On Christmas Eve

A listener's must for the night before Christmas is Lionel Barrymore's rendition of the famous "Christmas Carol," by Charles Dickens. He'll be reading the wonderful old story for the sixth time on the air. Time: Rudy Vallee's program, 10:00 P.M., E.W.T. Network: N.B.C.

CHILLED? SNEEZING?

LOOK OUT FOR COLDS AND SORE THROAT

LISTERINE—*Quick!*

It may nip the trouble in the bud

AT the first sign of chill, or sneeze, start gargling with this wonderful antiseptic.

Excitement, fatigue, raw temperatures, cold feet, may lower body resistance so that threatening germs can invade the tissue and set up or aggravate an infection.

Nature Needs Help

Then, if ever, Nature needs a helping hand to keep such germs under control . . . to help prevent a "mass invasion" when defenses are down.

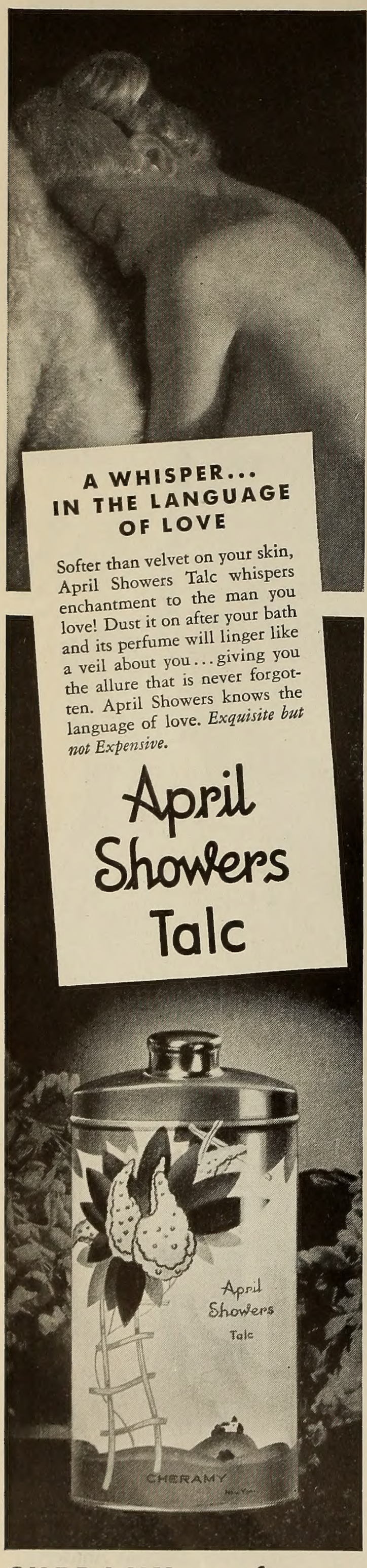
That's why it is wise to gargle with full strength Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of trouble.

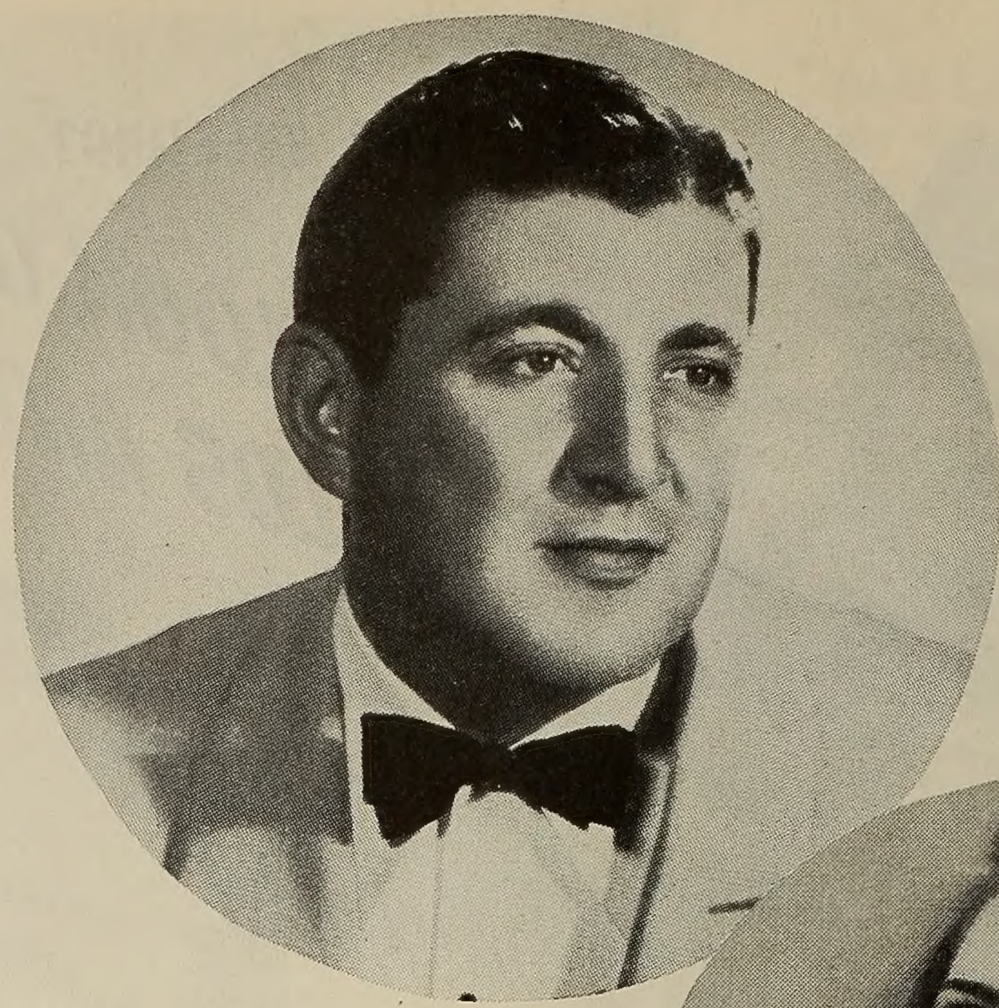
Listerine reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs . . . including hosts of the very "secondary invaders" that many specialists believe to be responsible for so many of a cold's troublesome aspects. Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging to 96.7 per cent 15 minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle and up to 80% one hour after.

At the First Sign of Trouble

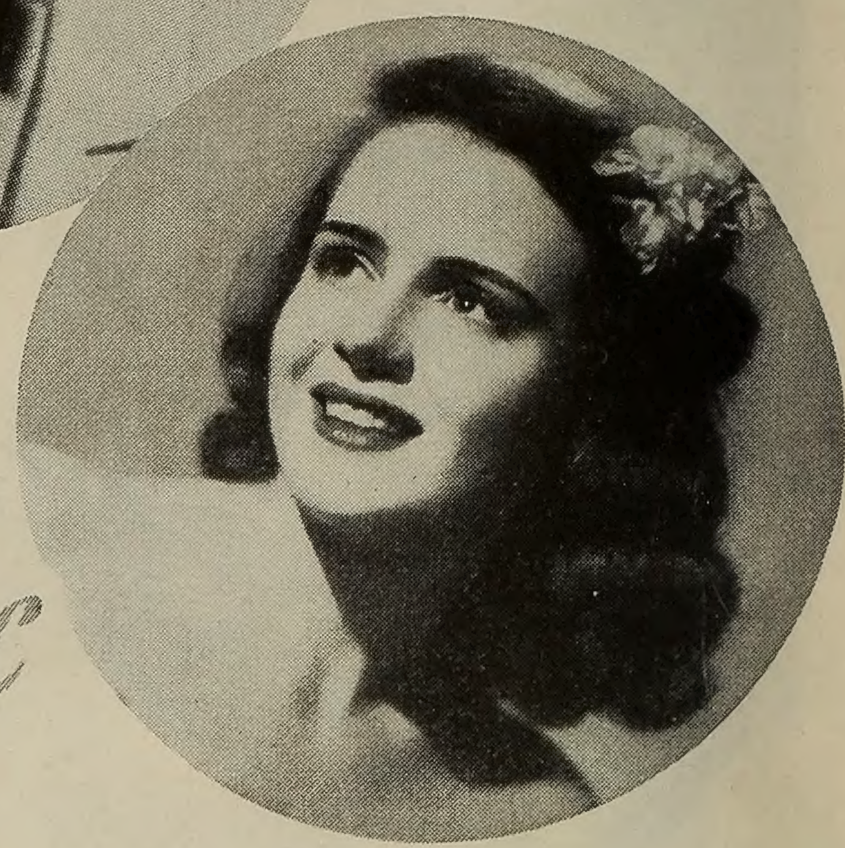
If you feel chilly, under par, have the sniffles and your throat feels irritated, gargle at once with Listerine Antiseptic and repeat every 3 hours. You may spare yourself a nasty siege of cold and a painful sore throat.

THE
SAFE ANTISEPTIC





He toiled in a tobacco field, was an errand boy, worked as a cabinet maker, but now Tony Pastor is one of our up and coming danceband leaders Below, Eugenie Baird sings with his band.



Facing the Music

By KEN ALDEN

THE war draft has tapped so many eligible young bandleaders that many erstwhile and older batoneers are being groomed for comebacks. Veterans George Olsen, Don Bestor, and Jack Denny are among the former favorites due for return engagements on the air and in the theaters.

* * *

This same situation has also worked to the advantage of those bandleaders who are married and have children. Their 3-A classifications have helped them get higher wages from the desperate bookers.

* * *

Tony Pastor is flirting with a cigarette sponsor and the deal might be set for early 1943.

* * *

The Hotel Pennsylvania in New York is taking no chances. They have already signed Tommy Dorsey's orchestra for an engagement there in September, 1943.

* * *

Vido Musso has junked his band, made up of former Bunny Berigan musicians, and is now playing tenor sax for Woody Herman.

* * *

THIS CHANGING WORLD: Skip Nelson has joined the Chico Marx band. . . . James Melton is now singing with the Metropolitan Opera Company. . . . Kay Kyser is making a new MGM film, "Right About Face." . . . Lynn Gardner is Bob Allen's new singer. She used to chirp for Will Bradley. . . . Harry James returns to Hollywood in January to make "Girl Crazy" with Mickey Rooney and Judy Garland. . . . Duke Ellington is coming east in January to perform a jazz concert at Carnegie Hall. . . . Lynn Murray, the radio choirmaster, is arranging the musical score for Cole Porter's new Ethel Merman musical comedy. . . . Marcia Rice is now singing with Bob Astor's band.

* * *

Frankie Carle, Horace Heidt's partner and pianist, took exactly 45 minutes to write his newest tune, "Because You Are."

* * *

Bandleaders who sing those fervent war ditties like "This Is Worth Fighting For" are getting heckled by uniformed men who ask the most embarrassing questions.

* * *

TO THE COLORS: Abe Lyman and George Auld have joined the Army. Claude Thornhill is now an apprentice seaman.

* * *

Did you ever wonder where Frank Crumit and Julia Sanderson find the songs they sing on their CBS quiz? They're drawn mostly from Crumit's list of 46 published songs he has written and from a collection of 10,000 pieces of old sheet music.

* * *

Bonnie Baker and Lt. Orrin Tucker have announced their engagement. Bonnie says that when the war is over Orrin will not reorganize his band but make the Navy his career.

* * *

Now that Glenn Miller is an Army

captain supervising musical activities in nine states for the military, his former vocal stars, Marion Hutton, Tex Beneke and the Modernaires are touring theaters as a singing unit.

* * *

If Guy and Carmen Lombardo join the Coast Guard their famed orchestra will probably be run by the three other members of the family, Leibert, Victor, and sister Rose-Marie. The Lombardos returned to the Hotel Roosevelt and had their opening night in a week heavy with competition. But the durable Lombardos outdrew them all.

Pastorized Jazz

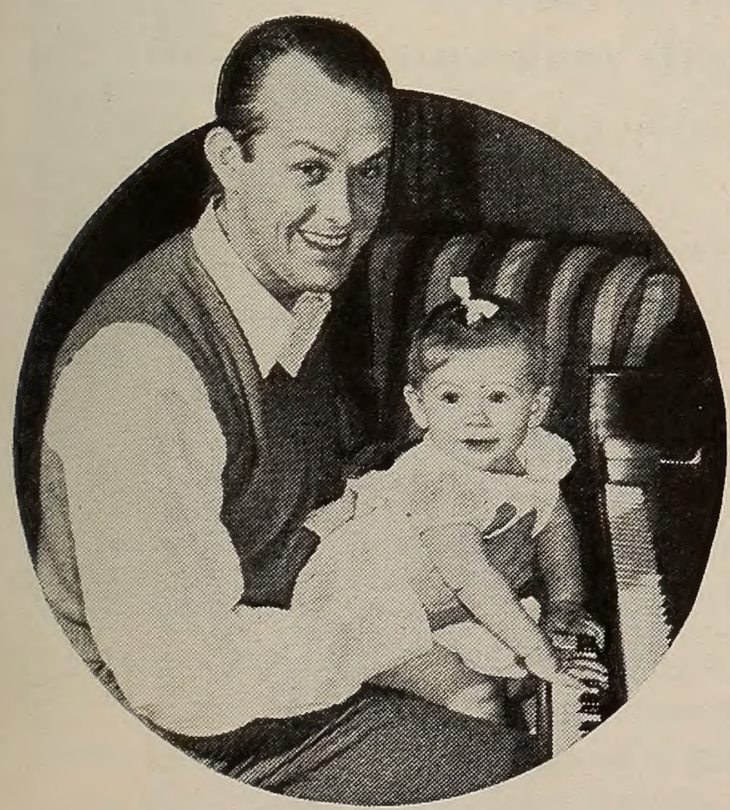
TONY PASTOR toiled in a Connecticut tobacco field, ran errands for a bakery and florist, worked on a factory assembly line, aided his father in eking out a living as a cabinet maker, and even served as a janitor's helper, before he became the leader of one of the country's most promising dance orchestras. And although all these former occupations haven't the slightest connection with music, the square-shouldered, black-haired swingster insists they were responsible for his eventual success.

"Those jobs were tough and sometimes I darned near broke my back," he says, "but they did help me to understand human nature. Thanks to them I feel that I have the loyalty and respect of my men. Though I'm the guy holding the baton I still like to feel I'm just one of the boys."

Each particular job gave Tony lessons that today are invaluable to him.

When he worked as a janitor's helper in a Hartford, Connecticut, vaudeville theater, he learned the tricks of show business from grizzled old stage hands. The days he spent in tobacco fields and factories taught him the value of team-work and cooperation. Helping his father fashion carefully carved wood pieces gave him an appreciation of good and beautiful things. Running errands for local merchants gave him the practical experience in bartering and business dealings so necessary for any big league bandleader today.

Continued on page 74



Between engagements, orchestra-leader Vaughn Monroe teaches baby "Candy" to play the piano.

How to keep peace in the family

—and make life more fun

STUBBLE TROUBLE. Pop used to grouch at every smart, scrape and nick. Now, his shaves are quick—cool—smooth. With Noxzema as a base he shaves with a smile.

POOR COMPLEXION. Sis avoided mirrors until she found what a grand aid Noxzema is for dry, rough skin and to help heal externally-caused blemishes.

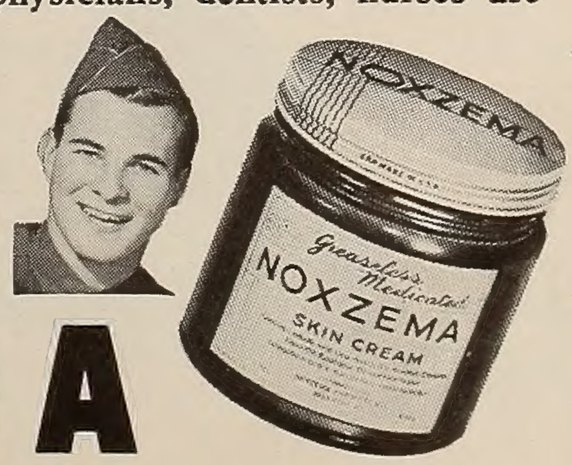
PAINFUL BURNS. Tommy used to howl as if he were killed. Now he yells—for a jar of Noxzema. It soothes and cools—aids quicker healing of minor burns and scalds.

CHAFING AND DIAPER RASH. Baby's tender skin chafes so easily, but mothers find Noxzema aids in quick healing and helps protect against irritation.

The Busiest Jar in the House!

• It's surprising how many of life's irritations are skin troubles! That's why Noxzema is the busiest jar in millions of homes. Because it's not just a cosmetic cream. It's a *medicated formula* that contains cool, soothing, medicinal ingredients—a grand aid to healing externally-caused blemishes, chapped hands, burns, chafing, shaving irritation. It softens, helps smooth skin — softens tough whiskers, too. Apply before lathering or as a brushless shave. Scores of physicians, dentists, nurses use Noxzema. See how much it will do to help *your* family. Get a jar today at any drug or cosmetic counter! Trial size, also 35¢, 50¢.

★ **MEN IN THE SERVICE WANT NOXZEMA** —use it for *sunburn, windburn, chafing, tired, burning feet,* and especially for cool, soothing *shaves!* Makes shaving easier even in cold water.



NOXZEMA

Barbara Stanwyck CO-STARRING IN "FLESH AND FANTASY"

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

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1...it imparts a lovely color to the skin
2...it creates a satin-smooth make-up
3...it clings perfectly—really stays on

To GIVE your skin a lovelier, more youthful color tone, and to harmonize perfectly with your natural complexion colorings, *Max Factor Hollywood* created face powder in Color Harmony shades.

Whatever your type may be... blonde, or brunette, or brownette, or redhead... there is a particular shade of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder definitely created for you to enhance your own individual beauty.

You'll like the superfine texture of *Max Factor Hollywood* Face Powder, too, because it creates such a soft, satin-smooth make-up, and its unusual clinging quality will keep your make-up looking fresh and lovely for hours... $1.00.

MAX FACTOR HOLLYWOOD COLOR HARMONY MAKE-UP
... FACE POWDER, ROUGE AND TRU-COLOR LIPSTICK

BITTER MARRIAGE

My knees gave way in panic and I knelt beside little Justin.

It was her husband's madness, a madness she had never fully comprehended until too late, that had devised this cruel trick. And now she was trapped, unless—

WHEN my husband called me into his study that late June afternoon to introduce me to Paul McCreery, I was surprised. But only briefly, for my mind had no room for anything but the endless struggle with my own heartbreaking problem. If Justin needed a special secretary to live with us on our estate, that was just part of his business. He had been conducting it in a very mysterious way these days, and no doubt it was necessary for him to have a confidential assistant who was never seen at his office. I always shuddered away from thoughts of the chemical industry anyway, since I could guess how closely its present boom—so gratifying to my husband—was related to the wholesale death and destruction then going on in Europe.

I barely glanced at the young man as I murmured words of perfunctory welcome. The soft light coming in between the heavy wine-red velvet curtains was sufficient to show that he was tall, with an earnest, yet eager smile that made him seem young for a responsible position with a man as important as my husband. His voice as he answered me was shy, so that the strong grip of his hand was almost startling. Half-consciously I felt the contrast between its muscular hardness and the peculiar softness of my husband's. After three years of marriage, it still seemed queer to me that though Justin's will was masterful and imperious, driving him through sieges of work at high pressure that would have wrecked an ordinary man, his big bulky body showed none of the tough hardness of his spirit.

Adapted for Radio Mirror by Hope Hale from the original radio drama "Laughter," by Gibson Scott Fox, heard on the True Story Theater, sponsored by Howard Clothes on Mutual network Wednesday nights.

I was not *Continued on page* 45

BEGINNING

Tell me you're

Perhaps she could have fought against this dangerous attraction Dean Hunter had for her, could have refused to take him seriously. Perhaps . . . if she had wanted to

NEVER belong to a man, Jackie, until you know he belongs to you."

My father used to give me this advice. I always thought it was a pretty cold and calculating philosophy, and I still think so. But maybe Father knew that someday I'd meet a man like Dean Hunter.

You know Dean Hunter—you've heard him on the air and seen him in the movies—and if you don't recognize the name it's because I'm not going to give anybody's right name in this story, including my own.

It'll be easier to tell that way.

I'm sure that Mother and Father didn't mean to give me that feeling of having been cheated by life. That's the feeling I had when I first came to Washington last year. If ever a girl had made up her mind that life had passed her by I was that girl. I think I can tell you why: For one thing, I was born and brought up in Holly, a suburb of Baltimore. I went to Junior High, to Sunday School, was confirmed at the usual time, and then taught Sunday School. I was an only child and Mother and Father loved me, of course. The trouble was that they loved me possessively. They wanted to mold me into perfection.

Once—only once—I failed to live up to their standards, and the experience was so shattering for all three of us that it amounted to a tragedy. It wasn't, of course. Looking back now—it happened in my last year of High School—I can see that Father and Mother were right, in a way. What I thought was love was only infatuation, just as they said. I can say the boy's name over to myself now, and it doesn't mean a thing. It's hard to realize that we wanted to be married. But at the time, because my parents put so much emphasis on the episode and finally forbade me to see the boy at all, I thought my heart was broken. . . . Isn't it wonderful, and a little sad, how you get over things?

After Mother died, Father was even more cautious than before about boys and my dates. And because I felt sorry for the dear lonely man—and because I did love him—I humored him and tried to tell myself that I didn't mind.

I minded, all right. I was unhappy most of the time, but I did my best to hide it from Father. At night when I went to bed after a long, dull day and an even duller evening, I used to have to fight down the conviction that I was to end my days as a stuffy, tiresome old maid.

The truth, I suppose, although I didn't realize it then, was that my parents were so wrapped up in me they were desperately afraid someone was going to take me from them.

In the end, they were both taken from me. Father worked at the bank days and on the draft board at night. The long hours were too much for his weak heart, which had previously only bothered him occasionally. He had an attack one Saturday noon which carried him away before Sunday dawn.

For the first time in my life I was free—frighteningly so, I thought, while the grief of Father's death was still sharp in me. But gradually there came a sense of anticipation. I'd go to Washington, I'd earn my own living, I'd meet fascinating people, I'd be a cog, no matter how small a one, in the vast machinery of the capital.

But the experience wasn't quite as wonderful as I'd anticipated. At least, not at first. I was too young, too eager, to realize that a city doesn't take you into its heart overnight simply because you want it to, and there were plenty of times when I was just as forlorn and dreary as I'd been in Holly.

I was lucky enough to find work almost at once. Jerry Havens, with whom I'd gone to school and who now ran the little Holly radio station, had given me a letter to Lieutenant Colonel William Wilson in Washington. The Colonel couldn't have been nicer. He's a pleasant, blond man with a nice friendly manner, and almost just by looking at him you know he's happy both in his home and his job. He liked me, I think—at any rate, I was working for him within twenty-four hours of the

He saw me and stopped, with a deep intake of breath that showed his surprise and pleasure.

time I went in to see him. I had to pass the Civil Service tests, which I did all right—that was all.

COLONEL WILSON had a good many duties, which aren't part of my story, and one very important duty which is. He and his staff made all the arrangements for the Hiya Soldier radio show. It was a program which was broadcast primarily for the entertainment of the men in Army training camps. Today it goes overseas too, but when I first went to Washington, Pearl Harbor was months in the future. Of course, the biggest and most famous stars appear on the show, but often there are ordinary people on it too, because Colonel Wilson follows only one rule in picking the talent: it must be something that will entertain the boys.

We all, inspired by Colonel Wilson's example, took the program very seriously. You couldn't help it, when you thought of the thousands of men, many of them miles from their homes, who would hear it—when you thought of what it must mean to them. I was willing to stay up any hours, work from morning until late at night, to make Hiya Soldier the best program that was ever broadcast.

It was my job that brought my first meeting with Dean Hunter—and, later, with Tom Trumble, who was so completely Dean's opposite in every respect.

Let me see if I can give you any idea of what Dean Hunter is like. It won't be easy, because he isn't tall, or brilliantly good-looking. He certainly isn't the greatest singer in the world. But all the same, any girl who saw him for the first time would start asking herself personal questions. There was an air of mystery about him—I felt it from the first—something you didn't entirely believe in, and yet something that fascinated you and drew you to him and made you wonder what was going on in his mind. I've never seen a man before who could look at you so frankly, with so little restraint, and yet keep his distance with perfect grace and detachment.

That first day he came to Washington I was rather thrilled at the prospect, I'll admit, of seeing the great Dean Hunter. After all, I'd read stories about him and seen his picture in movie and radio magazines. I'd heard him on the air and seen his shadow on the screen. And when Colonel Wilson told me he was coming to the office before rehearsal I found that my heart started beating a little faster.

When he arrived and the Colonel introduced us—I had a desk just outside of the Colonel's office in the Munitions Building—I was a little disappointed. He was shorter than I had thought, and a bit—well, slicker—than his pictures. But, oddly, when he made one of those typical out-of-town-visitor's remarks to the Colonel—"How do you manage to get such beautiful girls to work in your office?"—my composure melted away and I was as flustered as a schoolgirl. Silly, I told myself—even if this *was* one of the most popular men in the United States, twenty-five years old, rich, and . . . and a bachelor.

There was a minute or two of pleasant chatter. Then, engrossed in brisk conversation with Colonel Wilson, Dean Hunter nodded vaguely at me and went into the Colonel's office. I had no right to be resentful over his quick dismissal of me, but I remember that for a moment I was. I reminded myself that, after all, he must have been only dimly aware of my existence despite the graceful phrases—and I made up my mind to forget all about him.

And, after I'd boasted to Gracie Franklin that night—and to the other girls in our little boarding house—that I'd met and actually talked to the great Dean Hunter, I didn't have much trouble in banishing him from my mind.

I was beginning to like Washington better now. It still showed no sign of becoming the exciting, opportunity-full place I'd dreamed of, but I had an interesting and useful job and I liked Gracie and the other girls. Sometimes we all laughed, more than a little ruefully, over the fact that for us, as for many girls, living in modern Washington is a good deal like living in a girls' school. The only men you ever talk to are your bosses. All the same, I never lost the feeling that it wouldn't always be like this—that somewhere, around the next corner, lay . . . what? Adventure, romance? I didn't know. It was enough for me that it was there.

I turned that next corner on the bright, windy morning that Colonel Wilson sent me to the Union Station to meet Tom Trumble.

Who was Tom Trumble? Why, only a soldier, a private from Camp Dunning. Before that he'd been a farm-boy in South Dakota, and in spite of the new uniform he really hadn't changed very much.

He was coming to Washington because Colonel Wilson had tuned in a program broadcast from Camp Dunning and had heard Tom Trumble sing. He wasn't a singer—not the kind of singer Dean Hunter was—but he had a fairly good voice and a way of using it that the Colonel liked. As the Colonel expressed it, "Most of the enlisted men

I heard him whisper under cover of the music, "And you're all right, too—very much all right."

we've used on Hiya Soldier were drafted right off of Broadway, and they sound like it. Let's try someone that isn't a professional for a change."

So Private Tom Trumble had received special leave from his job of learning how to be a tank corps soldier, and was coming to Washington to sing on Hiya Soldier; and something—call it luck, or destiny, or whatever name you like—had decreed that out of half a dozen girls I should be the one Colonel Wilson sent to the station to meet him and see that he didn't get lost before rehearsal-time.

We had wired Tom Trumble to look for a girl wearing a brown suit and a brown hat with a white feather sticking up on the right side, and I found myself a place right in front of the gate so he couldn't miss me as he came through. He saw me all right, and his eyes lit up; but all he said was, "Hello. I'm Tom Trumble. Guess you're looking for me. I'll be right back."

And before I could answer he was hurrying past me, piloting a very tiny old lady who was having a hard time trying to keep step with him. This didn't stop her from being—obviously—delirious with happiness and pride over having a big soldier for an escort. The adoring look on her face touched me unexpectedly, and I had the quick thought that this was some relative of his that he'd brought East with him to be at the broadcast. I didn't have time to think about the matter any more, because just then I saw Dean Hunter.

Of course, I'd already known that tonight's show was to feature Dean Hunter for the second time, but I hadn't known he was arriving on this same train. He was coming down the ramp, followed by his retinue of managers and assistant managers and "friends"—and, as usual, a handful of trailing autograph hounds.

He'd almost passed where I stood when he caught sight of me—and stopped, with a deep intake of breath that meant surprise and pleasure.

"Well, hello," he said. "I'm awfully glad to see you."

"Hello, Mr. Hunter," I said. "I didn't know you were coming on this train."

But he couldn't have heard me, because he rushed on delightedly, "Say, this is nice. I'm so glad you came to meet me. . . ."

"Well," I managed to stammer, "as a matter of fact—"

"Come on," he said, "let's grab a taxi, Miss Collins—" and I was flattered because he'd remembered

my name. "Say, this really *is* a break for me!"

Tom Trumble came back from his errand then, just in time to save me from forgetting entirely why I'd come to the Union Station. He was a contrast, standing beside Dean Hunter—slim, with a body that had grown so fast and so long that it hadn't quite learned how not to be awkward; and with a tanned face all lit up from inside with excitement and pleasure. He gave Dean a quick glance, plainly didn't recognize him, and apologized to me with great emphasis.

"I'm sorry, Miss Collins," he said, "but that little old lady was so worried about whether she'd meet her sister. I had to help her out. But it was all right—the sister was waiting in her car out in front of the station."

He stopped, out of breath and smiling, and Dean Hunter asked, half laughing, "Waiting for her—out there? Why didn't she come inside?"

"Oh, she couldn't," Tom Trumble said earnestly. "That's the reason Mrs. Stevens *Cont'd on page* 55

To Barry, with Love —

A CHRISTMAS LETTER FROM CHICHI

DEAR BARRY:

Gosh, it seems funny to be writing a letter to somebody when I don't know where he is. (I mean where you are). But, anyhow—Hy'a, Barry! And Merry Christmas.

Well, let's see. They say the soldiers like to hear all the news that's going on at home—so here goes. Your father looks fine and seems to be well, even if he is tired because he has to work so hard with so many of the younger doctors in the Army and Navy. He's awful proud of you. He carries a picture of you (the one in your uniform) around in his pocket and shows it to everybody. He was down here in the bookstore the other day and stayed for quite a while, even if nobody was sick. I think he likes to argue with Papa David. He says it rests him. They argued like everything about whether thera—(Gosh, I don't know if I can spell it)—peutics was better than meta—(wait a minute while I look it up)—physics.

Well, what I started to say was that your father looks fine. I knew you would want to know that, first-off. Papa David is okay, too, only he seems older sometimes. I guess that's natural because he *is* older. Stephen is—You want to know how Stephen and Toby are? I bet you do, being so far away even if you are jealous which you hadn't ought to be because Stephen is out in California with Maud Kellogg (—and not what you think, either!) and Toby is still drilling rookies and I don't see him very often.

There isn't any reason for you to be jealous of Stephen because Stephen and me (I mean I) are not engaged any more, and there is no reason for being jealous of Toby because he doesn't pay any attention to me (very much) and besides, I have got a new friend now (but for Pete's sake don't go and get jealous of him because he's just a friend). His name is Tommy Fielding and he is a captain in the air force but don't get excited because I have seen wings before and when you stop to think of it angels are not the only ones who wear them.

The captivating heroine of Life Can Be Beautiful gives Christmas a new and more tender meaning in this letter to her soldier friend overseas. (Life Can Be Beautiful is heard on CBS daily at 1:00, EWT, sponsored by Ivory Soap. Photograph posed by Alice Reinheart.)

Oh, no. Certain kinds of insects have them too. Now, from that, don't go and get the idea that Tommy is a wolf. (Gosh—wolfs don't have wings, do they!) Well, anyhow, there you are. Wolfs don't have wings and Tommy does have them and so he is not a wolf.

I suppose you want to know why Stephen and I are not engaged any more. Well, I don't know. Sometimes things happen so gradual you don't know they are happening until—wham!—there you are. Stephen is still in his wheelchair and I think the trouble was, he had got the idea in his head that I wouldn't be happy with a husband in a wheelchair and then, too, Maud Kellogg wanted him to do some law-business with a customer of hers out in California who has turned out to be Tommy Fielding's father which sounds kind of like a coincidence but I think there is more to it than meets the eye—but, anyway, I am not engaged to Stephen any more because Maud has got him. I have decided I am never going to get married because men are too darned unreliable. (All except Papa David, and Toby and Tommy and you.) So you see, I wasn't kidding when I said there is no reason for you to be jealous.

I wish I knew where you are so I could look on the map that Papa David stuck up over his desk on the wall and sort of pat it once in a while where you are. I can't because I don't know (which is maybe a good thing because sometimes I'm liable to talk too much)—but whenever I go by the map I pat it all over and say to myself, "Attaboy, Barry, old kid, old kid—up and at 'em, Barry, and give 'em you-know-what!"

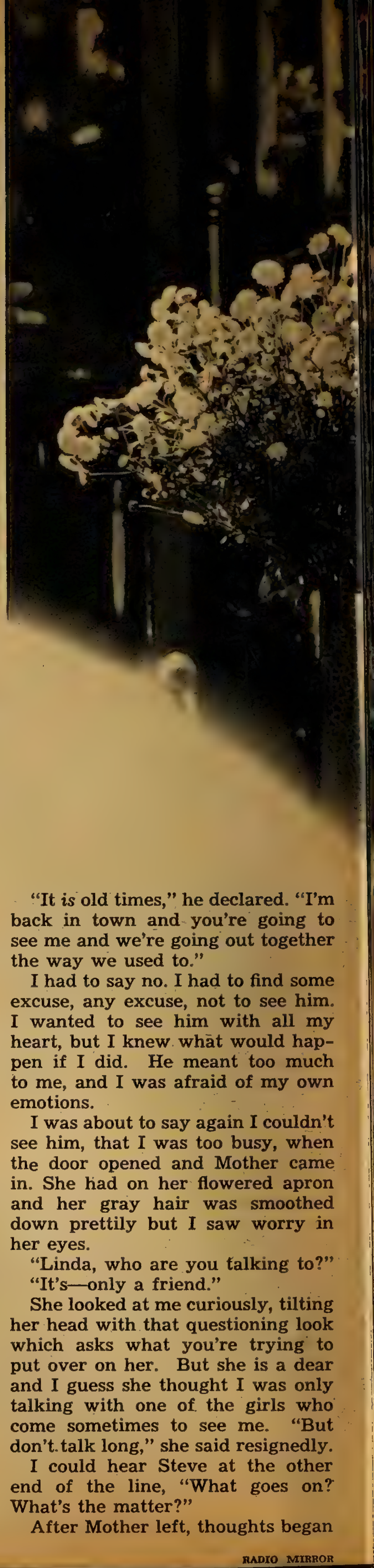
Well, what I started out to say was Merry Christmas. I know I took a long time getting around to it. (You know how I am. I start talking about one thing and wind up talking about something else.)

Sometimes I have been wondering if there is any use saying Merry Christmas any more, with the way things are. *Continued on page* 53

Merry Christmas
Chichi

As long as I live

What did it matter if these few stolen moments of happiness might be the last hours of her life — if only she could see Steve again, thrill once more to the joy of his embrace?



IT WAS a bright, golden morning, that morning the phone call came.

The sunlight filtering through the lace and frills of the bedroom curtains was warm and sweet; it seemed almost to be saying that life was good and worth living. But I didn't believe it, I told myself life was a plain fraud.

The jangling of the phone roused me from my thoughts. This would be one of my aunts, calling to chat and ask me how I was feeling. I reached out and picked up the receiver by my bed.

"Good morning," I said. And trying to sound flippant, I added, "It's a lovely morning, isn't it?"

"Linda!" It was a man's voice. "Is this Linda?"

I closed my eyes, tried not to hear the pounding of my heart. Everyone was always warning me to be calm, never to excite myself. But I wasn't calm now, because I knew that voice. I would have known it anywhere in the world, in the whole universe.

For a long moment I didn't answer. When at last I spoke, I tried to sound cool and untouched. "Steve," I said, with just the right surprise. "Hello, Steve."

I didn't want him to know or even guess, you see. Didn't want him to know I was ill, that I wasn't ever going to get well. He hadn't ever known, hadn't realized that was the reason we broke up. I wasn't going to tell him now.

"It's good to hear you Linda," he said. "You sound wonderful."

That voice of his, impulsive and full of strength but always somehow gentle! Devil-may-care Steve, full of wild, crazy dreams, in love with adventure and excitement.

I pressed my head back against the pillow, looking up at the flecks of sunlight on the ceiling. So often I'd lain there and thought back to the months Steve and I had known, the places we had gone, the plans we had talked out—plans that had been stillborn.

"Linda, I want to see you right away. Can I come up now?"

"No, Steve. No, I'm sorry—I can't see you."

I wouldn't let it happen. If he came to the house, he'd find out. Mother would be there, and Dr. Graham would come. They'd make me stay in bed. They'd give it away; Steve would find out.

He said, "Linda, I have to see you. Whatever happened in the past, you can't refuse to see me now. In a few days, I may be sent miles away. You must—".

"Steve—you're in the army!"

"Sure. I've been in it a couple of months. In another three months I expect I'll be a general."

I laughed. I'd almost forgotten that way of his, of making the most preposterous statements in the most serious tone—like that first time in the florist shop, when he introduced himself by holding out an orchid and saying, "Lady, I'd like to give you this orchid before I die."

I smiled into the phone. "Steve, it sounds just like old times again, hearing you talk."

"It *is* old times," he declared. "I'm back in town and you're going to see me and we're going out together the way we used to."

I had to say no. I had to find some excuse, any excuse, not to see him. I wanted to see him with all my heart, but I knew what would happen if I did. He meant too much to me, and I was afraid of my own emotions.

I was about to say again I couldn't see him, that I was too busy, when the door opened and Mother came in. She had on her flowered apron and her gray hair was smoothed down prettily but I saw worry in her eyes.

"Linda, who are you talking to?"

"It's—only a friend."

She looked at me curiously, tilting her head with that questioning look which asks what you're trying to put over on her. But she is a dear and I guess she thought I was only talking with one of the girls who come sometimes to see me. "But don't talk long," she said resignedly.

I could hear Steve at the other end of the line, "What goes on? What's the matter?"

After Mother left, thoughts began

I whirled and faced him. It was Steve, my Steve. The same laughter in the dark brown eyes, the irrepressible grin. "Lady, I'd like to give you this orchid before I die," he whispered.

to race though my mind. It was my life and no one else's. If I wanted to spend it all in a few minutes of happiness, it was mine to spend. And this was the moment, I was thinking. It might not come again.

A woman must never sound ruffled, especially with the man she loves. I said very quietly, "All right, Steve. If you want to see me, I'll meet you—somewhere outside the house."

He wouldn't understand how much it meant, my saying that. But I knew—I knew in spite of the way Mother and Dr. Graham had tried to hide from me how serious things were, in spite of their efforts to convince me that I'd soon be well, that it was only a matter of time and care.

They were kindly conspirators but they hadn't fooled me. Four years before, Dad had died of heart trouble. I remember how he used to say, "When your heart starts to go, there's nothing you can do but wait."

That was my trouble, too. For three years I'd been an invalid. For three years, I'd known that even a little excitement might be more than I could take.

It wasn't living, it was only existing. And now—Steve was back and wanted to see me. One day of it, one day of being with him again. It would be worth all the hundreds of days of being alone.

I knew perfectly well what it might mean. Those few hours—they might indeed be the last hours. But the cost didn't count.

"You'll see me?" he added, and I caught the tremor in his voice. "Linda—meet me at the florist's. You remember, that first day?"

"I remember, Steve. I'll be there. It'll be a little while. An hour—perhaps two."

I had the plan worked out in my mind already. In a few minutes, Dr. Graham would arrive for his morning visit. After he left, Mother would go out to do the morning shopping. That would give me the time I needed.

DR. GRAHAM arrived a short time later. Tall and gray-haired, with that little black bag in his hand, he looked thoroughly professional as he came into the room, with Mother trailing behind him. He smiled down at me.

"Hello, Linda." He felt my pulse and asked how I was getting along. He said, "Well, our patient seems to be progressing fine. How could she help it on such a beautiful day?"

Such a beautiful day, my mind echoed. I looked up into his wrinkled face. "It *is* wonderful, isn't it, Doctor?"

After a little while he was gone, and Mother was out shopping and the chance had come.

I don't suppose most girls would tremble, or find it an adventure, just to get out of bed, just to put on a suit and a hat.

It was adventure to me. I'd been in bed so much, was allowed up so rarely. And always when I was allowed up, mother hovered protectingly around me. But I was alone now.

As my feet touched the floor and I stood up, the warming sunlight struck me. But it was new, this standing alone. I was shaky and a little dizzy and I held tightly to the bed post for an instant.

You should lie quietly, Mother had said. Lie quietly and rest. Or else you couldn't know what might happen.

My hands shook as I took out of the closet the blue plaid suit Mother had bought for me. It was pretty, and I'd never worn it before. As I held it there, looking at it, I was wondering if this would be the only time I would ever wear it. The first and last time.

I didn't try to fool myself about it. Rather, I wanted to face the fact. This day might cost my life. I didn't want to die, I wanted to live. But if it did cost my life, if I weren't strong enough to stand this day, that wouldn't be so dreadful as not to see him. This was my choice and I had made it, and I was glad.

All the time I was dressing, fussing with my hair, which is light blonde, hunting for shoes to go with the suit—all the while, I was remembering. Remembering Steve and wondering what it would be like to see him again.

It was more than three years since that day in the florist shop. I'd been working in a dress store downtown—my dream had been someday to be a designer myself. I'd seen a flower in the window that matched my coat and I'd gone in to buy it. That was when Steve presented himself and his orchid.

And that was the beginning. We saw each other often after that and I learned he was an engineering senior at the University. After graduation, he planned to go into his father's business.

Only you see I didn't care who he was or what he planned to do. I was in love with him and that was everything that mattered. When he asked me to marry him—asked me awkwardly and wonderfully in our front living room—I think I was the happiest girl in the entire city.

It was only a few weeks after he proposed that the first attack came. I made up my mind he mustn't know about it, that it would worry him. But then I learned news that was like a sentence of doom—the heart condition was serious. I had to take life easily or I'd have no life. And even though they didn't tell me in so many words, I knew it would be that way as long as I lived.

I had to break with Steve. Because if he found out, if he learned the truth, he'd pity me, he'd want to marry me and stay by my side. And that would mean the ruin of his life and I couldn't allow it to happen.

Steve was in love with living, in love with excitement. It was a whirl of laughter and music and kisses, when we were together. But the spirit of his that I loved so much—it would die if he were imprisoned, if his wife were a bedridden invalid. And after a time, he would grow to hate me. I knew it, and I knew I would never let that day come.

I began breaking dates with him, but he kept asking for explanations. It only made him anxious and troubled and I realized at last there was only one way—to break finally and utterly, to leave no strings attached.

One afternoon, when Steve phoned, I told him I was staying home, that I had a headache. Then I deliberately went out with another boy, told him to take me to a restaurant where I knew Steve often dined when alone.

He had seen us come in. The color drained from his face and his eyes grew puzzled and then cold. I saw him stand up and come toward us.

"I thought you were staying home tonight, Linda," he said quietly. "You said you had a headache."

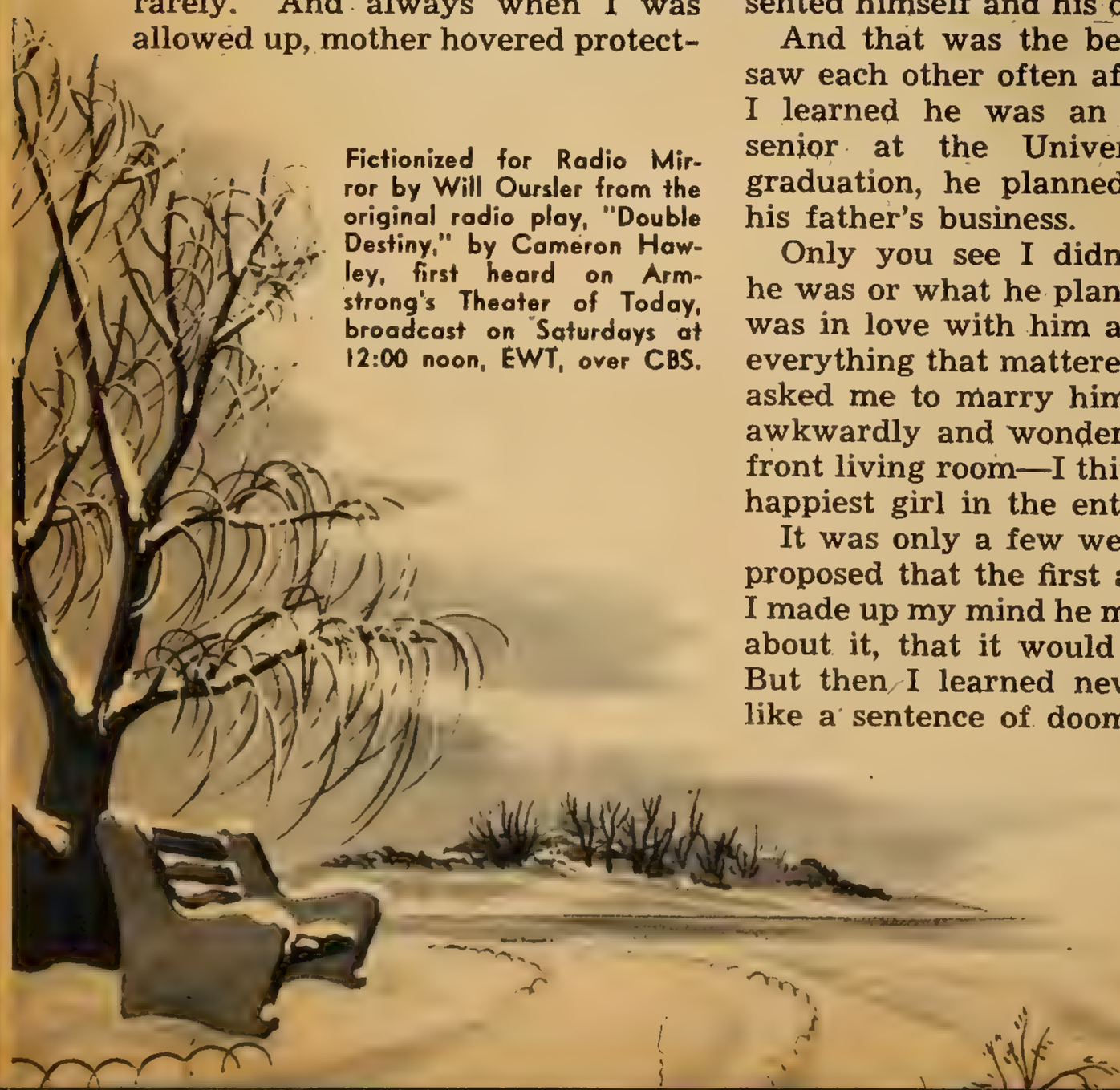
"Oh, Steve! You oughtn't ever to take a woman's word seriously. This is—"

I introduced him to the boy I was with. Steve nodded perfunctorily, his eyes never leaving mine. "All right, Linda. I guess that's straight enough."

He turned away from us, walked out. I hadn't seen him again, or heard from him, until this call. I'd learned he'd gone to another city to work and that seemed to me best. It meant the thing was done and over. Except—that I knew I wouldn't ever forget him.

Months after that break up, Dr. Graham told me he thought he had the heart ailment beaten, that if I had the will for it, I might get well. "The trouble is, Linda, you hardly seem to care if you get well or not."

I looked up into his eyes and I knew what he was doing—trying to cheer me, to give me hope even where there was no hope. I was even more certain of this because of the way Mother acted, always warning me that I must do nothing strenuous, *Continued on page* 59



Fictionized for Radio Mirror by Will Oursler from the original radio play, "Double Destiny," by Cameron Hawley, first heard on Armstrong's Theater of Today, broadcast on Saturdays at 12:00 noon, EWT, over CBS.

IN LIVING PORTRAITS—

The O'Neills

The people whose story you hear daily on NBC, sponsored by Royal Desserts and Royal Baking Powder

MOTHER O'NEILL is the guiding spirit and inspiration of her family and her friends. Although she is close to sixty, she has lost none of the verve and charm that have carried her through her long widowhood. Her love and wisdom are the ties that bind together her children and their children.
(Played by Kate McComb)

MRS. BAILEY, who is rightfully Mrs. Levy, now that she has, at long last, succeeded in luring Morris Levy into marriage, is a busybody, but a lovable, kindhearted one. She can no more avoid putting her foot into things than she can help breathing. She has always lived upstairs in Mrs. O'Neill's two-family house and not even her status as Mrs. Levy could make her move anywhere else. She would be lost without her friends, for, over the years, she has become almost a member of the O'Neill family, constantly calling down the dumbwaiter to borrow something she's "just fresh out of," prying in a warm-hearted way into their affairs, involving herself in their troubles and sharing with them her own pleasures. She makes mistakes, but never maliciously, and they are never irreparable. In her noisy, blundering, big-hearted way, she has succeeded in making Morris Levy very happy and in this she has found fulfillment and happiness for herself, a happiness which she always shares, naturally, with everyone around her.
(Played by Jane West)

MORRIS LEVY has been a loyal and close friend of Mother O'Neill's for years. His sly, warm humor, his gentle wisdom and understanding have helped Mother O'Neill through many difficult days. When she was troubled, he never failed to bring a smile to her lips and, having eased her heart with his kindly philosophy, he always managed to help her find the answers she was seeking. Now that he has given in to Mrs. Bailey's almost relentless romantic campaign for his heart, Morris Levy has found the real, rich happiness that he deserves. He finds it wonderful to have roots and a real home and a family, as it was obvious to everyone he would. Long ago, by being almost a father to Peggy and Danny he proved what a good family man he'd make. His life is full and busy, what with his hardware store to run and all his new responsibilities, but he is never too occupied to stop and listen to anyone who needs advice and to comfort and help them.
(Played by Jack Rubin)

JANICE COLLINS O'NEILL was adopted by the O'Neills after her father was killed in an accident, in which Danny was also seriously injured. A beautiful, vital young girl of nineteen, Janice gives Mother O'Neill the feeling that she is reliving the days when Peggy was the same age. Janice loves the O'Neills and rarely remembers that she is not really one of them. She is full of questions and always brings them to Mother O'Neill who handles them expertly, with understanding and a sympathetic twinkle in her eye. Under Mother O'Neill's guidance, Janice is growing into a fine healthy girl.
(Played by Janice Gilbert)

PEGGY O'NEILL KAYDEN, lovely, energetic and sincere, has many of the qualities of her mother, to whom she is very attached. She asks of life only that her three children and her husband, Monte Kayden, shall be happy and close to her. When her husband's success was drawing him away from her, she moved to Chicago and brought Monte to his senses before it was too late. Now they are back in Royalton. Peggy, like Danny, is often ruled by her emotions, but luckily her family duties give her so much to do that her impulsive nature is easier to control, and she is happy and contented with her simple life.
(Played by Betty Winkler)

DANNY O'NEILL, right, is sure of himself now, but it took him a long time to readjust his life after the death of his wife. For a long time, he was desperate and bitter. Even his tender affection for his mother was dimmed, and toward his small son, Kenny, who had cost Sally's life, he was indifferent. Danny left his mother and blunderingly came close to the edge of tragedy. He soon learned that he could not live with hatred and bitterness in his heart, and deep within him, he found the courage to fight back. In the face of the danger that threatened the country after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Danny's personal tragedy became small in comparison. Now all his fine qualities come shining through—his tenderness for his mother, his concern for his son, his protective attitude toward Peggy. He has even been able to be practical and clear-headed about his job as head of a vital war plant, although, at first, it was hard for him to stay out of the Army and accept what he thought was a passive role in the war.
(Played by Jimmy Tansey)

MONTE KAYDEN, left, Peggy's husband, is serious-minded and ambitious. Sometimes, in the past, his ambition has been a liability to him. By making him attach too much importance to financial success, it has led him to do things which in clearer moments he would recognize as being foolish and dangerous. But, thanks to Peggy and Mother O'Neill, he has finally come to have a real sense of values and to understand the uselessness of empty success, when the having of it meant the loss of everything that made life worth while. He is content, now, to be back in Royalton and his ambition has become a clearer, finer force. He is devoted to Peggy and the children and has found a great deal of satisfaction in becoming a real, vital part of the O'Neill family, involved in its problems, sorrows and joys.
(Played by Chester Stratton)

It was a strange, foolish game of make-believe, this pretence that David had returned—a game that blinded her to the glorious reality

HOW does your garden grow?" The question fitted in so perfectly with my thoughts that I answered automatically, without thinking, without looking up. I'd been planning just what to plant where in my pocket-handkerchief-sized backyard, and all the time the nursery rhyme had been going 'round and 'round in my head.

"With silver bells and cockle shells and creamed carrots and peas for my young daughter. And I'm thinking of putting corn in the North 40."

The laughter which answered me was pleasant to hear. I'd kept my eyes on the seeds that I was dropping, and only then did I come to the end of a row and raise my head to see the owner of the strange voice, the pleasant laughter.

It was like looking Yesterday in the face.

Because the stranger who stood looking at me across the low fence was like David—terribly, heartbreakingly like David. For a moment I felt once more the heady joy I had known so briefly in those days when David had come home to me each night. And then that faded, and I knew again the irreplaceable loss, the dreadful gaping hole that David had left in my life when he went away. I was suddenly sick and trembling, kneeling there in the dirt with the warm sunshine beating down on me, watching this stranger come around the little fence which separated my yard from the one next door, watching him limp slowly toward me, the man with David's eyes and David's hands, and even David's habit of holding his head a little on one side, perpetually questioning.

He stopped beside me and smiled down—a gentle, kindly sort of smile that was not David's at all. And he said, very softly, "You're Paula, aren't you? Paula, I've come a long way, looking for you."

Still I couldn't say anything. My mind refused to accept the strangeness of his knowing my name in the face of the greater strangeness of his being so like David. Then, curiously, he was on his knees, getting stiffly down beside me on the spaded ground, and he was reaching for my grimy hands, to capture them and hold them hard.

"Paula, I've got something to tell you. I'm afraid it's going to hurt you, but maybe even so it will be a relief to know—really to *know*—what happened. I'm not any good at this sort of thing. I don't know how to go about saying it, except just to say it and have it done with. Paula, David is—David is dead."

The sun kept right on shining. The birds' singing didn't stop. Lisa's laughter, clear as water, rang high from the other side of the house, and the swift yapping of the puppy answered her, just as always. And I was kneeling in the garden, clinging fast to the hands of a man I'd never seen before as to the last tangible thing in a vast and aching loneliness. Clinging fast to a man who looked like David, but who was not David at all, for David was dead.

All my bitterness against Dave was washed away, and I only knew that never again, as my most secret hopes had wished him doing, would he come whistling home. In all of the world, the big, unfeeling world, there was no David Kent.

I heard the man who looked like David calling to me, as if he were a long way off. "Paula, Paula!" His voice cut through to me, and the world stopped whirling, the house, the garden, settled back into place.

He was on his feet, tugging gently at my hands. "Get up, Paula, get up! Can't we go into the house and talk for a little while? I have lots to say to you and lots that I want to ask you." He pulled me to my feet, tucked a hand under my elbow and urged me gently toward the back door.

It was as if I were two people, sitting in the cool, drawn-shade dimness of the little livingroom, as

Detour to Paradise

Only then did I raise my head to see the owner of the strange voice, the pleasant laughter. And it was like looking Yesterday in the face.

if the two parts of my life had suddenly become concurrent and the different Paula Kents who had lived those widely different lives had been thrown together in the same room. There was the old Paula who had been David Kent's wife, whose whole life had been wrapped up in loving him, in basking in the wonder of having been chosen of all the women in the world as the one to be loved by the gay, devil-may-care man who had been David Kent. And there was the Paula Kent whom David had left alone, who had taught herself to present a poker face to the world, who walked with her chin high and her eyes defiant to hide all of her feelings. And so my mind divided, part of it giving attention to the man across from me, talking to him, answering his questions, while the other part of it knew only one thing. David was dead. He would never come home again.

"I'm Jeff Kent. Does that name mean anything to you, or do I have to explain myself a bit further?" His smile was as gentle as his voice, and I was glad again that it was not David's smile.

I didn't have to search my mind for a clue to the man who went with the name Jefferson Kent. David had told me about his cousin often enough—the more famous Kent, who was a war correspondent in Europe.

"No, I know who you are," I answered him.

We were silent again for a moment, and he pulled his chair a little closer to mine. "Would you like to hear it now—the story of how I came to look for you and why I came so late—or would you rather I'd leave you alone now, and tell you about it some other time?"

My mind fastened on just one thing in that sentence. "So late? Then you mean that—that it's been a long time?"

"Yes, quite a long time."

I felt somehow cheated, as if I should have known, as if something, perhaps that over-praised feminine

intuition, should have told me when David died, and so saved the memory of him from the hatred I had built up.

"Please tell me about it," I said, and I tried to look at him, but I couldn't. I couldn't bear it—not yet, not now—to see that face that was David's and yet not David's.

Jeff Kent took out his wallet, finding what he was looking for in it by sense of touch, for his eyes never left me.

"I've been four years in Europe, Paula, reporting the things that led up to the war and after that the war itself. I was in Berlin and Rome, and at last in London. It was in London that I got the game leg that makes me limp. When I was able to move they sent me home by Clipper.

"But that's getting ahead of myself. I was in Rome, two years ago, when I got a letter from Jimmy Proal. Jimmy's a good friend of mine, and he was David's pal, off and on, for years. And he was with David when—when it happened." He hesitated, then went on, huskily. "David was in New York, and had just found a job on one of the newspapers. One night, when he and Jimmy were on their way down to the Village for dinner, Dave stepped out from the curb without looking and a car, clipping around the corner, plowed into him. That's all there was to it—he was thrown against the curb, dead before Jimmy got to him."

I could see the picture as clearly as if it had been I who stood there that night, watching death snatch David. David, so terribly, vibrantly alive, so full of the joy of life, the mirth of it, the wonder of it, lying crumpled in a gutter like a heap of old clothes!

Jeff's voice went on evenly, unemotionally, and I knew that he realized that I couldn't bear sympathy just then.

"Of course, by the time Jimmy's letter reached me there was nothing that I could do. Jimmy had taken care of everything. You see, he didn't know about you. As far as he knew, I was the only person in the world really—really close to David. So Jimmy packed away the things in Dave's room and kept them for me until I came home.

"I got in a week ago, and I looked through Dave's things. Among them there was a half-finished letter to me, telling me all about you, Paula. After that it wasn't hard to find you. He'd said in the letter that you used to work for the *Telegram* here, so I left New York and came out, called the *Telegram* and found that you still work there. I got your home address from a friend in the city room, figuring that you'd rather not have me come to tell you at the office."

His voice stopped, and I wished frantically that it would begin again, giving me something to listen to, something to fix my thoughts upon.

"Paula—would you like to see the letter he left?"

I nodded, put out my hand for the letter he had taken from his wallet, forced my eyes to it. There it was, David's roundish, little-boy handwriting. Some of the sentences leapt at me from the page, the sentences telling the things I had wanted so much to know.

"Paula's a darling; you'll love her on sight . . . I'm not fit to lick her boots after the way I've treated her, but things are going to be different. I'll make it up . . . I just got this job on the telegraph desk two days ago, but I'm sure it'll pan out. When I'm really sure—a week or two—I'll send for Paula, but I want everything smooth as satin before I do, so

"Detour to Paradise," by Doris McFerran, is based on an original radio play by Roger Quayle Denny, first broadcast on Stars Over Hollywood, Saturdays at 12:30 P.M., EWT, on CBS, sponsored by Dari-Rich.

I'll be all set to give her the sort of life she expects marriage to be, poor kid . . . I've been doing a lot of heavy thinking since I left Paula and I've come to the conclusion that she's about as right as anyone could be. Lord, a man can't run around from job to job and city to city like a big kid all his life. Maybe this time we'll start a family. Nothing like a couple of kids to make Dave Kent a pillar of the church, I'll bet you . . . . Anyway, I want another chance . . ."

The words blurred.

The little room was quiet for a bit, broken only by the sound of Jeff striking a match. Finally he said, "Paula, tell me about you and David, if you think you'd like to. Maybe it would help, talking about it to someone who knew him almost as well as you did."

I nodded, and almost at once, as if I had had nothing whatever to do with it, I heard my voice begin to tell him about us—about David and me—in little, meager sentences, phrases that were word-shy because there were no words to tell how much I had loved David, how hurt I had been when he went away from me. That was the false Paula speaking, the contained, reserved Paula I had trained myself to be. Yet all the time I told the story, so barren of all the things that had made it *our* story, the other half of me was reliving those few short, sad-happy months that were the sweetest thing life had ever offered me in spite of the heartache they had brought.

I'd heard about Dave Kent long before I met him. He was a kind of legend among newspaper men in our section of the country. If someone told a good story someone else was sure to say, "Oh, Dave Kent told me that one in Chicago a month ago!" Letters from Dave Kent were passed around from hand to hand. There were tales of his reporting prowess and of his wit—what he said to the season's number one debutante when she snooted him in an interview, how he had acted as intermediary in a famous kidnapping case, of tricks he'd used to get stories that left other reporters tagging along with their tongues hanging out. There were stories, too, of his devil-take-the-hindmost attitude toward life, his utter disregard of anyone and everyone, the lightness with which he resigned from good jobs in order to move along to another city and so still, for a short time, his urge to be constantly on the move, never to be tied down. He was like the reporters I'd read about in books or seen in the movies —not like the prosaic men who worked on the *Telegram* at all.

And so, when a *Telegram* subeditor leaned over my switchboard one day and said, "Got a letter from Dave Kent. He's coming to town and wants a date with a new girl—like to meet him?" I said yes with a swift intake of breath. Did I want to meet him? After all those stories, who wouldn't?

Remember the nursery rhyme about Solomon Grundy—born on Monday, christened on Tuesday, married on Wednesday, and so on? That's about what it was like with Dave and me. We met on a Saturday, and on the next Saturday we were married. In between was a week of madness in which, daytimes, I plugged in unpaired jacks on my switchboard and then wondered why people didn't get their calls straight, or rang bells in people's ears and apologized hastily, only to do it again the next minute. Evenings were pure heaven, lost in the heart-filling wonder of having fallen madly, completely, without reservation, in love with Dave Kent. And he with me.

I WAS floating about two feet off the ground as I got ready to meet him that first night. I brushed my hair, usually about the color of wheat, until I got a spun-gold look into it. My eyes, usually blue, were black with the excitement that dilated them. My hands are my only pretensions to real beauty, and I fussed hours with them, putting on three different shades of nail polish before I was satisfied. Nothing but a new dress would do, of course, and I'd bought one with a green velveteen jacket and a silly little velveteen hat to match.

Even now I remember every detail of how David looked, what he said, that first evening. I even remember the sound of the doorbell that night, somehow a different, more portentous ring then ever before. And when I opened the door, Dave Kent was standing there, looking just as I wanted him to look, only more so. *Continued on page 66*

Wait for Tomorrow

FERENC was right, we could hear the sound of the sea from our room. It was a thing to lie and listen to, to concentrate on, to force myself to think about, so as to keep from thinking of anything else. *Hold to that sound,* I told myself. Make your ears listen for the soft, slow sweep of each wave, the growing roar and then the thundering crash of its breaking, and the high rattle and rush of clashing stones on the beach. Then another, another, another. Think of those waves, see them, imagine their faint light line of foam against the dark water of the ocean in the night. Think of those things and it will be possible to lie quite quietly, to seem asleep, to relax each muscle that would draw up tight in painful tension. That way I could get through the night.

But hours do pass. We were sitting at a little table by the window, Ferenc and I, in broad daylight at last, telling each other what a wonderful view we had for our breakfast, how delicious hotel coffee was. I tried to make the orange juice go past the obstacles in my throat. Ferenc lifted silver covers and filled our plates with what looked like good food but did not taste like food at all when I put it in my mouth. But I must eat. I must not let Ferenc see how sick I felt this morning.

And then I saw that Ferenc was doing no better job than I did on his bacon and eggs. Poor dear! Maybe he was as unhappy as I was! Perhaps the night had been as hard for him as for me. I remembered how thoughtful, how sensitively kind and understanding he had been, only to be defeated by the tears I could not keep back.

I lifted a piece of toast to my mouth and tried to smile. I said, "You know, Ferenc, I've always wanted to come to this hotel. Every time I've passed it, driving along the shore, I've looked up and seen it looming with all its windows and porches so elegant along the ocean, and I've thought, 'Now that's my idea of luxury.'" I held the smile, I would not think of those times, sitting in the rumble seat of Mick Callahan's rattly roadster, looking up at the wind riffling Bruce's sandy blond hair, seeing him grin down at me, hearing him shout over the noise of the wind and the crazy car, "My luxury gal! You should have picked another guy if luxury's what you want." Well, it seemed I had, and it seemed I didn't care for my luxury, after all. But I kept smiling at Ferenc.

He said, "You're being very sweet, my dear."

I wished he would not be so nice, when it was all my fault. It damaged my self-control. I answered quickly, hearing my voice go too high and break, "But it's true, Ferenc. I always did want to come here." (But not with him.) "Cross my heart and hope to die!"

"You have a dear heart," he said, laying his brown hand lightly on my wrist. "But do not hope to die. I shall never forgive myself if you hope to die."

"Ferenc, don't say things like that!" I cried out suddenly. "Listen, Ferenc. Whatever's making me act so—so difficult—Ferenc, it's nothing you're to blame for, you must believe it. It's all my fault!"

He shook his head, with the saddest smile I ever saw. He said, "No. Not your fault. Nor mine. It is the fault of life." His face had changed, so that his eyes were dull, expressionless. He was wearing again that frightening mask of cynicism I had seen before.

"Oh, no!" I cried out, really horrified. "No, Ferenc, life is what we make it, don't you believe that? We'll make our life perfect. We can, Ferenc, and we will!" It sounded so trite and vapid, but I meant every single word of it.

And Ferenc did not laugh. His hand tightened on mine with sudden strength and the cold mask was gone from his face. "Sweet child," he said. "You are what they call a game kid."

My lips trembled. His kindness brought back my guilty misery. But I gave his hand an answering pressure. He said gently, "Yes, Janice, we can try. And—who knows—perhaps the beauty will come. Sometimes it is a little slow, in marriage—"

Oh, he tried. He was so sweet in his trying that I was often touched to the heart by his consideration. His intuition made him know my thoughts before they came to my own mind. Like his decision that we go back to the city at once and pick up our active lives again, not spend our daylight hours brooding over the disappointments of the night. He did not hint that I give up my work, he even suggested, "Why not call Dr. Dale and tell him you'll be in after lunch?

In my memory the words were as real, as tender, as the night Bruce had first whispered them to me: "Our own home, darling. Just for the two of us."

This marriage into which her own loneliness and stubborn pride had conspired to lead her was a sham, an empty thing, yet she could not say the words which would condemn her husband. Here is the climax of a swiftly-paced novel of today

You need not even tell anyone of the marriage, if you have not the wish."

I looked quickly at him, but I saw only his profile silhouetted as clean-cut as a Roman coin against the dark upholstery of the car in which we were riding back to town. "Would you rather I told?" I asked him, guilty at my own relief.

He still did not look at me, but his hand touched mine. "Wait," he said. "When the moment comes that you have too much pride and happiness to carry alone, then you will wish to share it. Only then will be the time right for telling."

But it didn't quite work out that way. I had hardly greeted Dr. Dale when the Government investigator came to interview me. He walked into the office looking around him with keen quick glances through shell-rimmed glasses as if he could see significances in the office furniture that were hidden from ordinary eyes. Something about his quiet confidence frightened me, for all my attempts to laugh at myself. I was furious at the timid little croak which was all I could summon to answer when he showed me his credentials and asked his first questions about myself and how long I had known Ferenc Vildar. It did not seem very long, for all that had

happened. "I—I've seen a lot of him, though," I added.

He looked at me as though he were cataloguing all my features, silently. Then he asked, "Do you know any close connections of his —friends or relatives?"

"No—" How queer, I could not remember his mentioning anyone at all. "I guess he didn't know many people—being a refugee and all—"

AGAIN he gave me that analyzing look that was so hard to meet, his mouth a straight thin line across his face. "Being alone together so much," he said, "you must have had time to do plenty of talking. How would you say he felt about his work, for instance?"

I remembered only once that he had spoken of it, and the thought made my hands go suddenly cold. I could see the stony mask of Ferenc's face when he had said, "I do my job. They say it is a good work. Is that not enough? Let us not discuss ugly subjects."

Under this man's scrutiny it suddenly seemed abnormal and ominous for Ferenc to call his work an "ugly subject." I said quickly, "He had other things to talk about. He didn't believe in carrying the day's problems with us when we went out for pleasure—" I stopped, wondering if I had babbled on too much.

But this man Beal Thurston did not react to anything I said. He wrote calmly and then asked, "Ever talk about politics?"

"No," I said quickly. "We never discussed candidates for office or bills being passed or anything—"

"I don't mean that kind of politics," he interrupted almost impatiently. "I mean world affairs, the war and so on."

I felt the inside of my mouth growing dry, for no reason at all. "I—I don't think he likes to think about such things," I forced my voice to say. "It's only natural, you see, when he's suffered so much himself from all that, gone through things we can't even know—" I guess I was almost pleading with him by that time, but his voice was completely matter-of-fact when he answered. "That's just the point," he said. "We've got to know. We have to be sure how these experiences have affected him. What his sympathies are, what tie-ups he might have back home that would influence his actions here, whether through loyalty or even fear. You see?"

"I see," I said through teeth that were unaccountably chattering.

"So that's why," he said patiently, "I've got to ask you to think hard now, look back over all your conversations and try to remember anything that might throw light on how he really feels about our war effort. Would he go all out, give everything he's got to help us beat Hitler?"

I felt then that he must surely see the sudden fright that gripped me. I was thankful that my desk covered my shaking knees, and I bit hard on a pencil to seem thoughtful while I steadied my trembling jaw. For I had remembered something that would answer that question:

"It is always futile to combat the forces of destiny," Ferenc had said that night. "Why waste lives for a romantic abstraction?" And when I had accused him of calling freedom and democracy romantic abstractions, he had not denied it.

Well, suppose it was true. It only meant that these words could not stir in him the same fierce, glowing passion that native Americans feel for the defense of something they have known always as living realities. How could he feel

the same? And, after all, as he had said, he did his job. It was not my duty to tell this coldblooded inquisitor a thing that would take on false importance, even sound sinister, just because I had told it in answer to such a question. It would imply that I believed Ferenc capable of the disloyalty Mick Callahan had hinted at—cheating in his broadcasts, helping our enemies by subtle implications. And he wouldn't do that, of course.

Or would he? How did I know?

A terrible doubt made me cold all over. Suppose the worst was true. Then it would be my duty to tell anything I knew. Oh, what should I do? What was right? Which was my first duty—must I sacrifice a possibly innocent man for a mere doubt? My own husband, whom I had sworn to honor and cherish?

"Looking back over everything you've seen of him," the man went on, beating down at me with his persistence, "just tell me whether you are personally sure we can count on his loyalty."

Oh, I had to be honest. I had to tell him that I was not sure. I opened my mouth to say the words, and heard instead the voice of Dr. Dale. He had come out of his office and placed a hand on my shoulder. "Look here, young man, you've carried this questioning far enough. After all, don't actions speak louder than words? Haven't I told you I placed this boy in his present position? Would I be so proud of him if I doubted his integrity? And would Miss Jones here keep on seeing him if what she has learned of him had not made her trust him?"

The man sighed, looking at Dr. Dale with what seemed almost hostility. "A girl will go out with any guy that shows her a good time," he said wearily.

Then I said it. I hadn't intended to, I hardly knew what I was doing, but it was as if Dr. Dale had broken a spell and released me to do what my whole being demanded. I said, "But a girl doesn't marry just any guy. I am married to Ferenc Vildar."

The next few minutes are a confusion in my memory. I know that the inhuman Beal Thurston became suddenly human, with a mouth that could curve into a smile. And Dr. Dale's felicitations buzzed around my head like bees while inside it the awful question was echoing over and over: "Did I do right? Or have I chosen to protect my husband at the risk of the ideals for which my countrymen were offering their lives?" *For which Bruce was offering his life?*

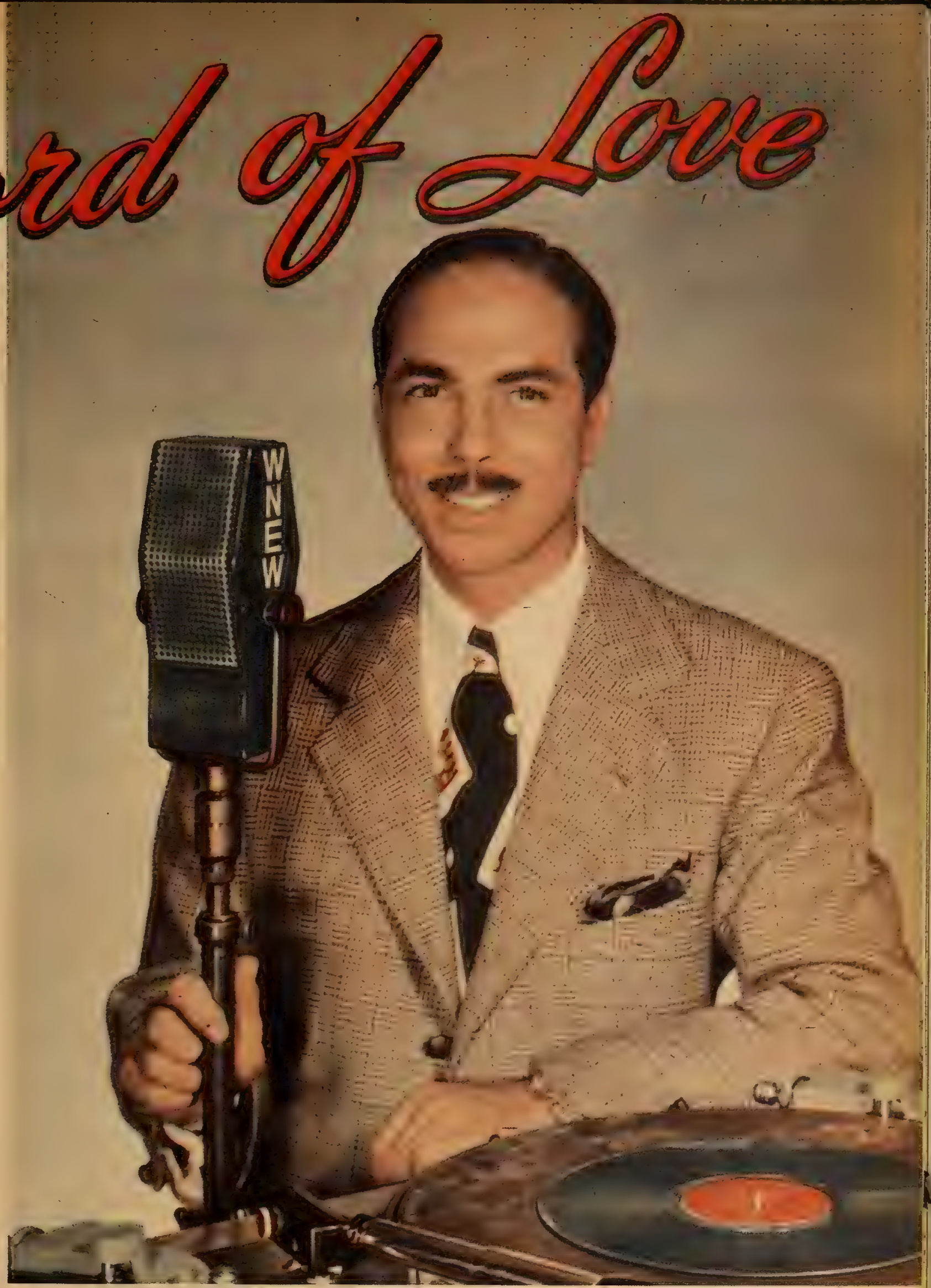
The question rang in my ears all afternoon, so that it was almost impossible to work. By the time Ferenc came to pick me up, I felt I could not bear it any longer. I must talk to him. Wasn't I his wife? Wasn't it my right to know all about him?

But Ferenc did not give me time to start. "I shall take you now to your new home," he said. "It is my hope that you will find it to your taste."

My new home! Then I was not to have a hand in choosing it. But for all Ferenc's precise phrasing, there was a huskiness in his voice that made me look quickly into his face. I saw then that his brown eyes were full of eagerness and doubt. He hoped so much that I would like my new home.

"I know I'll love it," I told him warmly. All right, maybe it was just as *Continued on page 70*

Record of Love



By Adele Whitely Fletcher

CHRISTMAS was two days away. Everyone carried packages and had shiny eyes and grinned if you even looked at them. Christmas carols came over the loud speaker in WNEW'S reception room. And several who waited on the blue leather lounge encircling that room hummed accompaniments.

The little girl at the reception desk wore a sprig of holly on her gray suit, as trim as her figure. Her dark hair waved softly. Her brown eyes were enormous. The planes of her face told how young she was. They had that freshly cut look. And the nails of her small well-kept hands were as bright as her lips which matched her holly berries.

The needle on the indicator over one of the blue elevator doors moved upward . . . twelve, thirteen, fourteen . . . The door slid back and several people got off. One, a young man with hair that was too long and a suit in which the plaid was much too pronounced, was first to reach the reception desk. You knew, just looking at him, that he would be first always. He was like a charged wire.

"I'm Martin Block, a radio announcer from California," he told the little girl at the desk, "and . . ."

She answered her ringing telephone without giving any sign that she either had heard him or seen him. He stood grinning at her. She was so little and so pretty and she pretended to be so crisp and efficient. If she hadn't been so young she would have known it was out of character.

". . . and I would like to talk to your General Manager," he told her when she was through talking.

"Miss Judis is in conference." She was very crisp.

"Well, I'll talk to your program director then," he offered.

"Our program director also is in conference," she said. "And he is not engaging any new announcers."

She was very final now, even unpleasant. And she looked past him at those who were waiting. He could do nothing but go on. "Peace on earth, good will to men," sang a caroller.

He telephoned his cousin who was in the advertising business from the downstairs drug-store. "This is Martin," he said, "Just got in from California with the family. Tell me —who owns WNEW?"

"Fellow named Milton Biow," his cousin told him.

"Thanks," said Martin. "I'll call you. We must get together sometime."

He didn't say he had exactly forty-six cents to his name. He didn't explain he had put up at one of the best hotels where he was signing for meals and laundry and everything else and praying he would land a job before the day of reckoning. That story, he knew, would cause everyone to give him a wide berth, frighten them. He wasn't frightened, however. He'd been broke before. "It's all right to be broke," he always said "as long as you don't lose your nerve."

Fortunately the message he sent

"Did you ever like anyone less than you like me?" he asked her. She never had. The real-life romance of Martin Block, who met and married his love at Christmas

to Mr. Biow was garbled so that Mr. Biow understood it was Mr. Paley, president of Columbia Broadcasting, who had sent him.

"I've just been over at that station you own," Martin told Biow. "And I couldn't get in to see anybody. Out in California I had a program that was a big hit. I played records of the different bands and gave a speil that made the audience feel they were right at the hotel where the bands were playing, having dinner, dancing . . . Make-Believe Ballroom I called it. All I'm asking is a chance to prove it's a program that will go here in the East too."

BY THE time Mr. Biow discovered that Martin Block had never even heard of Mr. Paley he was intrigued by him, his smooth persuasion, his brassy nerve.

"Be at WNEW tomorrow at eleven," he told him. "I'll see you have an audition. If you're even a quarter as good as you say you are we probably can use you somehow."

At two minutes before eleven the next morning Martin stood again at WNEW'S reception desk. "I have an appointment for an eleven o'clock audition, arranged for by Mr. Biow," he told Miss Efficiency. "Will you be good enough to announce me, please? You remember me I'm sure; Martin Block of California."

"Martin Block is here for an audition," she announced over her telephone. "He *says* he has an appointment."

Five minutes after eleven he made the audition.

Fifteen minutes after eleven he was on the air, announcing for a sustaining program. It wasn't much of a job. It paid only twenty dollars a week. His expenses at the hotel were five times that. But it gave him a start. And he counted on picking up extra work on the side.

Every day during the next week he looked at the reception desk for Miss Efficiency. But a tall girl always sat there instead. In a vague way he was disappointed. He wanted Miss Efficiency to see him with his hair cut, when his eyes weren't strained red from driving, and when he wasn't wearing that suit a client in the clothing business had given him. It had been all right in California. But, having looked over upper Madison Avenue where radio has set up an ultra, streamlined edition of the old Broadway, he knew he couldn't wear that suit any more.

Like all human beings Martin had faults. Lack of initiative and stupidity, however, were not among them. Consequently, after he had been around WNEW for several months, he decided to cultivate the sales manager and the sales manager's secretary. This way he might hear about any new accounts that were signed and get in a bid to announce for them.

To his horror he found Miss Efficiency ensconced as secretary to the sales manager. She was just the same except that she now wore a bright yellow jonquil on a trim blue suit. Her dislike of him obviously hadn't changed.

"Did you ever," he asked, "like anyone less than you like me?"

"Is there something I can do for you, Mr. Block?" she inquired coldly.

"Stay away from my office, will you?" the sales manager told him several weeks later, after he had made numerous attempts to charm, amuse, or interest Miss Efficiency. "Esther threatens to quit if you keep on hanging around. And secretaries like her are scarce."

"Which is just as well for me," said Martin.

A year passed with many changes. Martin was on the rise. He finally was in the clear on his hotel bill. His Make-Believe Ballroom was proving popular, as he had been sure it would. But still no one dreamed in a few years he would be the announcer for Pepper Young's Family, the Kay Kyser program and master of ceremonies for the Hit Parade too. And Mrs. Block and the children had returned to California. A divorce was imminent. They had parted good friends, the way a man and wife can only when it has been a long time since there was emotion of any kind between them. They had been married when they were little more than children. Their babies had come quickly. Martin's work had kept him at the studios half the night and he had, consequently, always slept half the day. The years they had spent together had actually turned them into strangers.

One day in midsummer the sales manager sent for Martin. A new account had come in—an important account WNEW had been after for a long time—with the understanding that Martin would announce for them. One of three things had happened to Esther. She had been persuaded by Martin's voice on the air, impressed by his steady rise, or her boss had insisted he be received courteously when he came to the office on legitimate business. She smiled at Martin, a little, and condescended to ask him how he liked New York compared to California.

"During the week—when I'm busy—New York is swell," he said. "Week-ends I go nuts. I miss the out-of-door life of California. I like to fish or just sit in a row boat with the sun warm upon me."

"I'm surprised you like fishing," she said.

"In the West," he went on, "anyone can spend a day fishing. Around here it's millionaire's stuff."

"You just don't know your way around," she said, quick to put him in his place again. "I know a dozen rivers or lakes, within easy driving distance, where you can get a boat and bait for two dollars and fish all day."

"You'll *Continued on page* 54

Besides running the Make-Believe Ballroom on New York's station WNEW, Martin Block announces Pepper Young's Family on NBC and is master of ceremonies on CBS' Hit Parade. Here he is with Esther and their son, Peter.

You are my own

He held me so close I could scarcely breathe.

IT took me so long to understand—so long and so much fear and pain and loneliness. Through weeks of emptiness and confusion, I went over it a thousand times, but I couldn't see what I had done that was so wrong.

I loved John. I had only done what my love for him made me do. I wasn't ashamed. I was proud that I had had the courage, the wits, to use whatever weapons came to hand to keep John near me. That's why I couldn't understand his terrible anger, his disgust, when he found out. As though it were the basest thing a woman could do, to fight to hold her husband. As though it were shameful for a woman to love her husband so much.

John and I were married three years ago. We were an ordinary couple, I guess. Perhaps the most ordinary thing about us was the feeling we had—or I had—that there was something very special about us, about our love. Probably all people in love feel that way and it's right that they should.

Three years. They went by like three weeks. My keeping my job at Hadley & Company may have had something to do with the way time seemed to run past. It wasn't just that my salary, added to what John was making, made it possible for us to have a nicer apartment and a part-time maid. Working helped me get through the hours when John had to be at his office, helped me not to miss him and long for him, helped me not to shiver inside, thinking of his touch, remembering the special quality of the look in his dark eyes when he kissed me.

Yes, time moved quickly. My world was John. I didn't feel quite alive, except when I was with him. The days weren't quite real.

Was it wrong, she asked herself, to love a man so much you were willing to lie for him? Not until John had turned away from her in horror did she learn the answer

Life began for me every afternoon at five minutes past five o'clock, when I ran for the elevator, knowing that John was waiting for me in the lobby. And always, when I saw him standing there, tall and wide-shouldered, his dark eyes searching for me, his strong, handsome face lighting up as I went toward him, it was like being born again.

THIS was my world, my life. John. Our love, our home, where this love glowed and grew and was safe. These were the important things.

Sometimes, John would bring the outside world into our life and I hated that. I almost resented our friends. I was jealous, being reminded that John, like all men, did not make love the end and all of his being. I didn't want to be reminded of this. I wanted John to love me as completely as I loved him. I was annoyed with the world for intruding on us. I hated the world for mismanaging its affairs so badly that precious hours of John's time were spent in worrying about them, hours that I wanted, hours that belonged to me. Somehow, no matter how John tried to explain, all these things seemed very far away to me. I couldn't honestly see what they could have to do with us.

Usually, John would give up with a sigh. "Darling," he'd say, with a soft smile, "I hope you're right. I hope nothing will ever bust up your little world." And he would pull me into his arms and kiss me and I would be happy. Then I would feel he was mine again, all mine, the way I wanted him to be.

Then, it happened. On a Sunday afternoon in December, it happened.

It was quiet, that peculiar quiet that falls over Sundays everywhere. The radio was playing. John was stretched full length on the sofa with his newspapers scattered all around him. I was knitting a pair of socks for him.

Suddenly there was a rattling of papers and John was sitting bolt upright. I stared at him, at his pale face, the tight lips, the intensity. I had been so wrapped up in thinking about John and how nice it was just to sit in the same room with him, to know I had only to move my hand to touch him, that I was only vaguely aware of the announcement that was coming over the air.

"War!" John said softly. He flinched as though someone had hit him. He looked over at me and his lips twisted in a sad smile. "There goes your little world, Mary," he said quietly. "There it goes—Bang!"

I remember I jumped up and turned off the radio, quickly, with some insane idea that I could stop what was happening. I ran to John and held on to him. I know I kept whispering, "No, no, no," over and over. I was frantic.

John pressed me close for a moment. Then he pushed me aside gently. "It's too late, darling," he said. "It's happened, now." He turned on the radio and listened grimly to the news of Pearl Harbor.

I sat close to him, not really listening. I pressed close to him, praying silently, "Oh, God, don't let John say it. Don't let him. Don't let him!" But I knew he would. He had said it before, when we were not yet at war, when we hadn't been attacked. He had been among the very first to register for the draft.

Before, I'd had all the arguments on my side. We weren't in the war. There were plenty of unmarried men, men without responsibilities, men who could devote themselves wholeheartedly to becoming soldiers. The draft didn't need men like John.

But now it was something else again. This was war. This was real. This was guns and men and machines, pitted against each other to the death. Death! John out there—shot, hurt and alone and helpless!

The seemingly interminable voice stopped, at last. It was terribly still in the room, still with shock. John pressed my hand until it hurt.

"I've got to go, Mary," he said. "I've got to enlist. I can't wait until I'm drafted."

He had said it! Somehow, I knew I mustn't let him see how frightened I was. I knew I had to sound rational. I let go of his hand, so I wouldn't give myself away by clinging to it so desperately.

"But think, darling," I said, as calmly as I could. "If you go—now, right away—what happens to me? Give me a chance. Give me a little time. Things have to be arranged—a—a smaller apartment, or someone to share this one with me. And—and there are other things—"

Other things. I don't know where I found them. I don't know how I managed to sit quietly, talking, talking, talking. Inside me, I was crying, aching, fighting against an overwhelming fear. My voice was saying things, but my heart was burning with only one thought—I had to keep him there. He was

"You Are My Own," by Madeline Thompson, is based on the original radio drama, "Our Love," written by Palmer Thompson; first heard on Manhattan at Midnight, sponsored on the Blue network by Energine Cleaning Fluid.

mine. He belonged to me, with me, forever.

Desperation is a terrible thing. And I was desperate, desperate enough to do almost anything to keep John from going. For the first time since I had known John, I lied to him. And I didn't care. I lied because I loved him. Every day, he asked me anxiously whether I'd found anyone to share the apartment, and every day, I had some new story to tell him, some new failure to report. I never asked anyone.

It wasn't easy. I hated to lie to him, but I couldn't see any other way then. Nights, long after John had fallen asleep, I'd lie awake at his side, loathing myself, and yet unable to find any other answer. Oh, I found excuses, lots of them. The main one was my love for him, this wonderful love, this glorious thing such as no one else in the world had ever known. I needed him so much. He needed me. And there were so many others, millions. John would not be missed. John's not being there would not affect the war, one way or the other. But John's not being with me would be like death.

There were weeks of this, weeks like nightmares. There were times in those weeks, when I'd look at John and see how grim his face had become, how impatient he was growing, and I would be afraid. I'd cringe inside with the thought that I was losing him, anyway, that he was thinking more of the war and the world than he was of me.

I had to fight every moment for John's attention, for his love. It was impossible to sleep. I was wretched and nervous and I found it harder and harder to carry on as though things were normal. But the more lost and helpless I felt, the more determined I was that nothing should happen to us, that in all the madness and chaos of the world it was terribly important to keep this love of ours secure and safe.

John, being the kind of person he was, misunderstood my strange behavior, my nervousness. He thought I was upset because I hated to hold him back from the thing he wanted to do! He seemed to grow kinder, gentler, every day. And the kinder he was, the more I hated myself, but the more I felt that I couldn't let him go.

One evening, instead of heading for home, after we'd met in the lobby, as usual, John led me into one of the nicer restaurants.

"No cooking, tonight, darling," he grinned. "You don't look as though you could slave for five minutes over a hot stove."

I could see John in the mirror—and I knew I had to tell him now, to wipe that frown from his eyes.

"But I feel all right," I said.

"You don't look it," he said. "You've been worrying too much and working too hard. Tonight you're going to let down a bit."

I almost cried and I was almost ashamed. John ordered everything I liked and, somehow, every mouthful choked me. I almost wished he would talk about the war, anything, that would take his attention off me. But, for once, John seemed to have made up his mind not to speak, or even think, of anything that might upset me. He was gay and full of small intimacies that, at any other time, would have sent chills of delight through me. Now they terrified me.

After dinner, he took me to a movie and I was glad of the chance to hide in the darkness and lose myself in the steady flow of sound and music, none of which I heard. I held John's hand and sank back into my *Continued on page* 62

EV'RYBODY EV'RY PAYDAY

Lyrics by Tom Adair
Music by Dick Uhl

CHORUS

EV-'RY BOD-Y EV-'RY PAY-DAY, Buy a Bond the U. S. A. way!

mf-f

That's the job, it's up to you and me.

Butch-er, bak-er, bank-er, schol-ar, Take a dime from ev-'ry dol-lar.

Ev-'ry-one pitch in for vic-tor-y.

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★ *In tune with the times, here's a gay marching song that's fun to sing and play—with a message that lights the road to victory for us all*

EV - 'RY BOD - Y, EV - 'RY PAY - DAY, Ev - 'ry farm - er, ev - 'ry hay - day

Top the crop with dimes for Un - cle Sam.

Ten per - cent! That's the rent! Ev - 'ry one can pay For a

home in the U. S. A. A.

YOUR *First Nighter Stars*

Meet the hero and heroine of the exciting dramas and delightful comedies you hear on the Mutual network every Sunday at 6:00, EWT, sponsored by Campana Balm

Barbara Luddy

THE COOKING CORNER SUGGESTS:

Don't NEGLECT BREAD

You'll never know how good bread pudding can be until you've tasted it prepared with whole wheat bread and apricots, as shown above.

IN spite of all the emphasis that is being placed on proper nutrition and efficient meal planning, I wonder if lots of us aren't overlooking one of the easiest and best roads to that goal—whole grain breads. I realize that we serve bread in some form at every meal, but even though we know how good it is, and how nourishing and economical, we still seem to think of it as incidental. But we shouldn't think of it in that way. We need whole grain and enriched breads because they are high in protein and minerals, and in protective and energizing vitamins; and to get full advantage from the varieties that are available to us I think we should use bread more frequently as an ingredient in main dishes and desserts and plan more meals around such dishes.

For instance, a good, husky, stick-to-the-ribs main dish for a winter night's supper is bread and egg casserole, made with coarse whole or cracked wheat or rye bread.

Bread and Egg Casserole

2 cups coarse dry crumbs
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. pepper
1 medium onion, minced
1 tbl. butter or margarine
1¼ cups milk
Eggs (1 or 2 per person)

Combine crumbs, salt and pepper. Sautee onion in butter and mix into crumbs, then stir in milk. Turn into buttered casserole and bake in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) until mixture begins to brown. Remove from oven, break eggs onto crumb mixture, dust lightly with salt and paprika and return to oven until eggs are set. If you like a more highly seasoned dish add sage, thyme, rosemary or marjoram (not more than ⅛ tsp.) or add Worcestershire sauce, catsup or prepared mustard to taste. One half to a full cup of minced cooked meat or chopped cooked vegetables such as spinach, chard, or cauliflower may also be added and a sprinkling of grated cheese over the eggs is good. Without the eggs, this casserole is an excellent accompaniment to any meat course.

I sometimes use this basic mixture of crumbs, seasonings and milk as the filling in a sandwich for which sliced roast pork forms the top and bottom. It's a reversal of the usual sandwich recipe, but it's a good one to remember, especially at the present time when our government is asking us to use as much fresh pork as we can in order to release the cured varieties which are needed for shipment to our men in service and our allies whom we are supplying through the Lend-Lease program.

To make the sandwiches, allow two slices of cooked pork per person. Spread half the slices with the crumb mixture, top each one with a second slice of pork and place in shallow baking pan rubbed lightly with butter. Cook in moderate oven (350 degrees F.) for about 20 minutes, basting two or three times with 1 tbl. butter blended with 1 tbl. hot water. Serve with barbecue sauce or reheated leftover gravy.

One of the nicest ways I know to serve carrots is in baskets made of whole grain bread, and people who ordinarily pass up carrots as just another vegetable are just as likely to ask for more when they're served this way.

Carrots in Bread Baskets

Day-old whole grain bread, unsliced
2 cups cooked carrots
1 cup medium white sauce
1 hard-cooked egg
Mace
2 tbls. soft butter or margarine

Cut off four slices of bread, about 2½ inches thick. Pull out some of the center from each slice, but leave

Continued on page 76

BY
KATE SMITH
RADIO MIRROR'S
FOOD COUNSELOR

Listen to Kate Smith's daily talks at noon and her Friday night Variety Show, heard on CBS, sponsored by General Foods.

INSIDE RADIO—Telling You About Programs and People You Want to Hear

SUNDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	News
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News and Organ Recital
		8:30	Blue:	The Woodshedders
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News of the World
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	World News
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	News from Europe
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	E. Power Biggs
	8:15	9:15	Blue:	White Rabbit Line
	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Deep River Boys
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Words and Music
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Fantasy in Melody
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Radio Pulpit
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Wings Over Jordan
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Southernaires
	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Warren Sweeney, News
	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Glen Gray Orch.
8:05	10:05	11:05	CBS:	Budapest String Quartet
8:30	10:30	11:30	MBS:	Radio Chapel
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Josef Marais
8:45	10:45	11:45	NBC:	Olivio Santoro
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	News from Europe
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Hospitality Time
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS.	Womanpower
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Salt Lake City Tabernacle
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	To The President
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Emma Otero
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Church of the Air
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Horace Heidt Orch.
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Robert St. John
10:15	12:15	1:15	NBC:	Labor for Victory
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Invitation to Learning
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	Modern Music
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Those We Love
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Chaplain Jim, U. S. A.
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Sammy Kaye
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	World News Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Yesterday and Today
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	University of Chicago Round Table
12:00	2:00	3:00	CBS:	N. Y. Philharmonic Orch.
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	John Vandercook
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Music for Neighbors
12:15	2:15	3:15	Blue:	Wake Up America
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Upton Close
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	The Army Hour
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	National Vespers
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Pause that Refreshes
1:30	3:30	4:30	Blue:	Toastchee Time
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	We Believe
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	The Family Hour
		5:00	Blue:	Moylan Sisters
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	NBC Symphony
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Ink Spots
2:30	4:30	5:30	Blue:	Musical Steelmakers
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	The Shadow
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	William L. Shirer
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Edward R. Murrow
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Britain to America
3:00	5:00	6:00	MBS:	First Nighter
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Catholic Hour
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Irene Rich
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Gene Autry
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Metropolitan Auditions
8:00	5:30	6:30	NBC:	The Great Gildersleeve
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
4:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Commandos
4:00	6:00	7:00	MBS:	Voice of Prophecy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Drew Pearson
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Jack Benny
4:30	6:30	7:30	MBS:	Stars and Stripes in Britain
	6:30	7:30	CBS.	We, the People
8:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Quiz Kids
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Fitch Bandwagon
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Orson Welles
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
5:00	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Charlie McCarthy
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Gibbs and Finney
5:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Crime Doctor
6:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Inner Sanctum Mystery
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ONE MAN'S FAMILY
5:45	7:45	8:45	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Radio Reader's Digest
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Old-Fashioned Revival
7:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Walter Winchell
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Manhattan Merry-Go-Round
7:45	8:15	9:15	Blue:	The Parker Family
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	FRED ALLEN
8:15	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Jimmie Fidler
	8:30	9:30	NBC:	American Album of Familiar Music
9:30	8:45	9:45	Blue:	Dorothy Thompson
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Take It or Leave It
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Goodwill Hour
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Hour of Charm
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Report to the Nation
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	News of the World
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Dance Orchestra
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Unlimited Horizons

KEEPER OF THE SQUEAKY DOOR . . .

Raymond Edward Johnson, the ghoulishly genial host of the Inner Sanctum Mysteries on the Blue network Sunday nights, sometimes gets letters from listeners written in blood. At least, it's supposed to be blood, although Raymond admits it looks more like plain red ink. Other listeners thoughtfully send him oil cans to be used on that squeaky door, but it's no use—the door will continue to squeak as long as Inner Sanctum is on the air.

Although Ray is one of radio's best actors, and comes from Orson Welles' home town of Kenosha, Wisconsin, his early ambitions were strictly non-theatrical. He wanted to be a big-league baseball star. But he never was as good at playing ball as he was at oratory and dramatics, so the latter won out—although he didn't became an actor until he'd first served an apprenticeship as a golf caddy, a haberdashery clerk, a teacher, a soda-jerk, a bank teller and an insurance salesman.

Ray's first radio break came in NBC's Chicago studios. He had been auditioning for director after director without success. Finally, after he'd finished his regular prepared audition material, the umpteenth director asked him to act a tough gangster—without a script. Ray boiled over in fury, and poured all his bitterness into the impromptu speech, directing all his insults at the director, who slowly turned a beautiful brick red. Just the same, his performance was so good he got the job.

Ray is married to Betty Caine, who is also a radio actress. She has kept the script of the broadcast that brought them together—an NBC Chicago show which cast him as a doctor and her as the patient. They live in a New York suburb in a charming house surrounded by stone walls Ray built himself. Their special hobby is collecting antiques, and until gasoline was rationed they used to scour the countryside for prize early American pieces. Next to antiques, Ray likes to collect phonograph records best. Betty gave him a big Capehart machine last Christmas, and he's already on the way to having one of the largest assortments of records in existence outside of a music shop.

He likes to play tennis, and once taught it professionally. He also likes to ride horses—a fact which the horses resent, judging from the way they throw him off their backs whenever he tries to ride them. Back in Kenosha, he says, they used to call him "The Prince," after the Prince of Wales who suffered from the same affliction.

MONDAY

P. W. T.	C.W.T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS	Aunt Jenny's Stories
	10:45	11:45	NBC	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS.	KATE SMITH SPEAKS
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS.	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS.	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Prescott Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Missus Goes Shopping
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Giants of Freedom
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
5:00	6:00	6:00	Blue:	Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
4:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Ceiling Unlimited
7:30	9:30	7:30	CBS:	Blondie
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Vox Pop
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cavalcade of America
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS	GAY NINETIES
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	True or False
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Voice of Firestone
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS	Bulldog Drummond
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	LUX THEATER
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Counter-Spy
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS	Gabriel Heatter
9:00	8:00	9:00	NBC	The Telephone Hour
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Doctor I. Q.
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Screen Guild Theater
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Contented Program
8:30	9:15	10:15	Blue:	Alias John Freedom
7:30	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Daytime Showcase

TUESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	BREAKFAST CLUB
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Stringtime
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue.	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS	Kate Smith Speaks
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS·	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS.	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue.	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC	Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS·	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS·	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC·	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC·	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS·	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	Victory Hour
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC·	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS.	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC·	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS·	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue	Prescott Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	St. Louis Matinee
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS	Keyboard Concerts
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC·	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Listen Neighbor
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Landt Trio
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
5:00	6:00	6:00	Blue:	Don Winslow
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Edwin C. Hill
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	American Melody Hour
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
8:30	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Lights Out
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Ginny Simms
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
9:00	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Al Jolson
9:00	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Duffy's
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Horace Heidt
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Burns and Allen
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Famous Jury Trials
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Battle of the Sexes
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Suspense
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Murder Clinic
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Fibber McGee and Molly
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bob Hope
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Red Skelton
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

THE LASS FROM LANCASHIRE . . .

Five minutes a day isn't very much of any good entertainer, and it seems even less when you're listening to Gracie Fields, but that's all we're getting, at least for the time being. You can tune her in on the Blue network any night, Monday through Friday, at 9:55, EWT, and console yourself with the old adage that half a loaf is better than none.

There's nobody in the world quite like Gracie Fields. The daughter of a humble English millworker, she has worked her way up in the world until she's reputed to be paid more every year than any other woman entertainer. Not that she's been getting much money for herself since the war began. Except for one nine-week engagement and her present sponsored show, every cent she's made since September, 1939, has gone to British War Relief or other charities.

Her real name is Gracie Stansfields, and she was born in the little town of Rochdale, which is ten miles from Manchester but might just as well have been a hundred, Gracie remembers, the distance was traveled so seldom when she was a girl. She worked in the cotton mills herself until her amazing voice, good spirits, and ability as a mimic sent her on to fame and fortune. She still talks in a thick Lancashire brogue, but can switch to any other dialect you want to name, at a moment's notice.

Gracie was never what you'd call pretty, but she has a face you like the minute you see it. The picture above has been retouched a good deal—in fact, Gracie says, when she sent it to her brother in England he wrote back, "What have they done to you there in America—taken away all your wrinkles?" She is forty-four years old, "can't see a thing without me glasses," and has a figure as slim and supple as a high-school girl's.

Her voice is something special. She can shake the rafters loose with "Walter" or "The Biggest Aspidistra in the World," or come down to a muted, angelic tone with "Ave Maria." In England, it's a tradition that no matter how rowdy and funny a Gracie Fields concert is, she always closes with a religious song.

Gracie began her broadcast series in New York, but has returned now to Hollywood, where she has a home and lives with her husband, Monte Banks, and some of her relatives. She's gradually losing the relatives, though—they are returning to their homes and families in England. She herself hasn't visited England since a year ago. She went over then for six weeks to tour British factories and service camps.

Most of Gracie's songs were either written especially for her or she's made them her own by right of conquest. Once a typical Fields song has been sung by her, you can hardly blame any other singer for hesitating to invite comparisons.

WEDNESDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Tim
	8:00	9:00	CBS.	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue.	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS.	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Stringtime
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS.	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS.	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Prescott Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Missus Goes Shopping
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Songs of the Centuries
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS.	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Raymond Scott Orch.
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Of Men and Books
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC.	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Landt Trio
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
	5:00	6:00	CBS.	Quincy Howe, News
5:00	6:00	6:00	Blue.	Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevaried
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:.	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Old Gold Show
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS:	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC.	The Thin Man
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Dr. Christian
8:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Manhattan at Midnight
5:30	7:30	8:30	MBS:	True Story Theater
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Tommy Dorsey
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Bob Burns
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Basin Street Music
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Eddie Cantor
6:15	8:15	9:15	MBS:	Jack Pearl
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Mayor of Our Town
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Mr. District Attorney
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Great Moments in Music
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	John B. Hughes
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Kay Kyser
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer

THURSDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Stringtime
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Mary Lee Taylor
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	A House in the Country
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
11:15	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Air Breaks
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward Mac Hugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M.D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James Mc Donald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Earl Tanner
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Hymns of All Churches
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Prescott Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	St. Louis Matinee
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Listen Neighbor
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	CBS:	Highways to Health
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Landt Trio
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
5:00	6:00	6:00	Blue:	Don Winslow
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Don't You Believe It
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Bill Stern
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Amos 'n' Andy
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	The Army-Navy Game
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Harry James
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
7:00	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Abbott and Costello
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Coffee Time
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Lum and Abner
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Death Valley Days
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	America's Town Meeting
5:30	7:30	8:30	NBC:	ALDRICH FAMILY
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
6:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Major Bowes
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	KRAFT MUSIC HALL
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Stage Door Canteen
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:55	8:55	9:55	Blue:	Gracie Fields
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	The First Line
7:00	9:00	10:00	MBS:	Raymond Clapper
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Raymond Gram Swing
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Rudy Vallee
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	March of Time
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

STAR OVERNIGHT . . .

Judging from the career of Laura Deane Dutton, it's a cinch to become a popular singer on the networks and in exclusive night clubs. The hard part, Laura affirms, is staying on top once you've got there.

Maybe Laura's beauty had something to do with it (and that she *is* beautiful you won't deny if you've seen her on the cover of this month's Radio Mirror), but her climb to network fame was accomplished practically with no effort. She's expending the effort now—studying voice, diction and microphone technique in an effort to be what she calls *"really* good." Meanwhile, you hear her on the Blue network every Monday, Thursday and Friday at 3:45 EWT.

Earning the butter for her bread was never necessary in brown-haired Laura's life. She was born in Boston, of a family which traces its lineage back to pre-Revolutionary days, and is a direct descendant of Henry W. T. Dutton, founder of the Boston *Transcript.* So it was ambition, and not necessity, that made her decide she wanted to be a singer. Upon the sage advice of her father, Lieutenant Colonel Henry R. Dutton, she stifled her determination to go on the stage until after she'd graduated from the Lincoln School for Girls in Providence, R. I., where theatrical hopes were frowned on.

She only slipped once. One day when she was visiting New York with her family she sneaked away and entered an amateur singing contest sponsored by a local radio station. She never dreamed of winning, and was shocked and considerably frightened when she took first place. The resultant publicity called down stern parental disapproval on her head, but she made amends by refusing the award and returning to school and her studies.

Two years ago, when she was eighteen, Laura made her debut as a singer in a night club. She's appeared in such colorful nighteries as Armando's, the Rainbow Room, La Martinique, and most recently, the Wedgwood Room of the Waldorf-Astoria, where she first preceded and later followed Dinah Shore. An odd coincidence is that both she and Dinah got their radio starts on the Blue network. How did she get into radio? Why, very simply. A recording of her voice was brought to the attention of Blue network officials, and they liked it so much she was promptly offered a contract—which she as promptly accepted.

Soft-voiced and a little shy, Laura is about as far from the movies' conception of a torch singer as anyone you could find. She isn't married, and contends she doesn't intend to be, for some time in the future at least. Right now her only desire is to be a success in radio and—maybe, after a while—in movies.

FRIDAY

P. W. T.	C. W. T.	Eastern War Time		
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
1:30	2:30	9:15	CBS:	School of the Air
	8:15	9:15	NBC:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	8:45	9:45	CBS:	The Victory Front
8:30	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Valiant Lady
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Isabel Manning Hewson
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Victory Volunteers
8:45	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Stories America Loves
	9:15	10:15	Blue:	News
9:00	9:15	10:15	NBC:	The O'Neills
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Honeymoon Hill
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Help Mate
12:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Bachelor's Children
	9:45	10:45	Blue:	Stringtime
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	Young Dr. Malone
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Clara, Lu, 'n' Em
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Breakfast at Sardi's
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	Road of Life
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	Second Husband
8:15	10:15	11:15	NBC:	Vic and Sade
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Bright Horizon
	10:30	11:30	NBC:	Against the Storm
8:45	10:45	11:45	CBS:	Aunt Jenny's Stories
8:45	10:45	11:45	Blue:	Little Jack Little
	10:45	11:45	NBC:	David Harum
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Kate Smith Speaks
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	Words and Music
9:15	11:15	12:15	CBS:	Big Sister
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Romance of Helen Trent
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm and Home Hour
9:45	11:45	12:45	CBS:	Our Gal Sunday
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	Life Can Be Beautiful
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Baukhage Talking
10:15	12:15	1:15	CBS:	Ma Perkins
10:15	12:15	1:15	Blue:	Edward MacHugh
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Vic and Sade
	12:45	1:45	CBS:	The Goldbergs
10:45	12:45	1:45	NBC:	Morgan Beatty, News
11:00	1:00	2:00	CBS:	Young Dr. Malone
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Light of the World
12:30	1:15	2:15	CBS:	Joyce Jordan, M. D.
11:15	1:15	2:15	NBC:	Lonely Women
11:30	1:30	2:30	CBS:	We Love and Learn
11:30	1:30	2:30	Blue:	James McDonald
11:30	1:30	2:30	NBC:	The Guiding Light
11:45	1:45	2:45	CBS:	Pepper Young's Family
11:45	1:45	2:45	Blue:	Earl Tanner
11:45	1:45	2:45	NBC:	Betty Crocker
	2:00	3:00	CBS:	David Harum
12:00	2:00	3:00	Blue:	Prescott Holiday
12:00	2:00	3:00	NBC:	Mary Marlin
12:15	2:15	3:15	CBS:	Missus Goes Shopping
12:15	2:15	3:15	NBC:	Ma Perkins
12:30	2:30	3:30	CBS:	Eastman School Symphony
12:30	2:30	3:30	Blue:	Men of the Sea
12:30	2:30	3:30	NBC:	Pepper Young's Family
12:45	2:45	3:45	NBC:	Right to Happiness
1:00	3:00	4:00	CBS:	News
1:00	3:00	4:00	Blue:	Club Matinee
1:00	3:00	4:00	NBC:	Backstage Wife
1:15	3:15	4:15	CBS:	Raymond Scott Orch./
1:15	3:15	4:15	NBC:	Stella Dallas
1:30	3:30	4:30	NBC:	Lorenzo Jones
1:45	3:45	4:45	CBS:	It's Off the Record
1:45	3:45	4:45	NBC:	Young Widder Brown
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Are You a Genius
2:00	4:00	5:00	Blue:	Sea Hound
2:00	4:00	5:00	NBC:	When a Girl Marries
2:15	4:15	5:15	CBS:	Mother and Dad
2:15	4:15	5:15	Blue:	Hop Harrigan
2:15	4:15	5:15	NBC:	Portia Faces Life
2:30	4:30	5:30	CBS:	Landt Trio
5:30	5:30	5:30	Blue:	Jack Armstrong
2:30	4:30	5:30	MBS:	Superman
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Just Plain Bill
2:45	4:45	5:45	CBS:	Ben Bernie
5:45	5:45	5:45	Blue:	Captain Midnight
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	Front Page Farrell
3:00	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Quincy Howe, News
5:00	6:00	6:00	Blue:	Don Winslow
3:10	5:10	6:10	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Today at the Duncans
3:30	5:30	6:30	CBS:	Keep Working, Keep Singing
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
		6:45	Blue:	Lowell Thomas
8:00	6:00	7:00	CBS:	Amos 'n' Andy
8:00	6:00	7:00	NBC:	Fred Waring's Gang
8:15	6:15	7:15	CBS:	Our Secret Weapon
4:15	6:15	7:15	NBC:	European News
4:30	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Easy Aces
	6:30	7:30	Blue:	The Lone Ranger
7:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Tommy Riggs, Betty Lou
4:45	6:45	7:45	CBS:	Mr. Keen
4:45	6:45	7:45	NBC:	H. V. Kaltenborn
9:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	KATE SMITH
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Earl Godwin, News
9:15	7:00	8:00	MBS.	Cal Tinney
	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Cities Service Concert
8:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Dinah Shore
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Those Good Old Days
	7:30	8:30	NBC:	INFORMATION PLEASE
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Cecil Brown
8:30	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Philip Morris Playhouse
8:30	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Gang Busters
6:00	8:00	9:00	MBS:	Gabriel Heatter
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Waltz Time
6:30	8:30	9:30	CBS:	That Brewster Boy
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Bands
6:30	8:30	9:30	MBS:	Double or Nothing
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Plantation Party
7:00	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Camel Caravan
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Meet Your Navy
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	People Are Funny
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	John Gunther, News
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Ned Calmer, News

SATURDAY

PACIFIC WAR TIME	CENTRAL WAR TIME	Eastern War Time		
		8:00	CBS:	The World Today
		8:00	Blue:	News
		8:00	NBC:	News
		8:15	CBS:	Music of Today
		8:30	CBS:	Missus Goes A-shopping
		8:30	NBC:	Dick Leibert
		8:30	Blue:	Texas Jim
		8:45	CBS:	Adelaide Hawley
		8:45	Blue:	News
		8:45	NBC:	News
	8:00	9:00	CBS:	Press News
	8:00	9:00	Blue:	Breakfast Club
	8:00	9:00	NBC:	Everything Goes
	8:15	9:15	CBS:	Caucasian Melodies
	8:30	9:30	CBS:	Garden Gate
	9:00	10:00	CBS:	Youth on Parade
	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Blackhawk Valley Boys
	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Patti Chapin
	9:30	10:30	CBS:	Hillbilly Champions
	9:30	10:30	Blue:	Hank Lawson's Knights
	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Nellie Revell
	9:45	10:45	NBC:	String Serenade
8:00	10:00	11:00	CBS:	Warren Sweeney, News
8:00	10:00	11:00	Blue:	Servicemen's Hop
8:00	10:00	11:00	NBC:	The Creightons Are Coming
8:15	10:15	11:15	CBS:	God's Country
8:30	10:30	11:30	CBS:	Let's Pretend
8:30	10:30	11:30	Blue:	Little Blue Playhouse
8:30	10:30	11:30	NBC:	U. S. Coast Guard Band
9:00	11:00	12:00	CBS:	Theater of Today
9:00	11:00	12:00	Blue:	Music by Black
9:00	11:00	12:00	NBC:	News
9:15	11:15	12:15	NBC:	Consumer Time
9:30	11:30	12:30	CBS:	Stars Over Hollywood
9:30	11:30	12:30	Blue:	Farm Bureau
9:30	11:30	12:30	NBC:	Golden Melodies
10:00	12:00	1:00	CBS:	County Journal
10:00	12:00	1:00	Blue:	Vincent Lopez
10:00	12:00	1:00	NBC:	Pan-American Holiday
10:30	12:30	1:30	CBS:	Adventures in Science
10:30	12:30	1:30	Blue:	Washington Luncheon
10:30	12:30	1:30	NBC:	All Out for Victory
10:45	12:45	1:45	CBS:	Football
11:00	1:00	2:00	Blue:	Metropolitan Opera
11:00	1:00	2:00	NBC:	Football
2:00	4:00	5:00	CBS:	Cleveland Symphony
2:30	4:30	5:30	NBC:	Three Suns Trio
2:45	4:45	5:45	NBC:	News, Upton Close
7:45	5:00	6:00	CBS:	Frazier Hunt
3:00	5:00	6:00	Blue:	Dinner Music
3:00	5:00	6:00	NBC:	Gallicchio Orch.
3:15	5:15	6:15	CBS:	Calling Pan-America
3:30	5:30	6:30	Blue:	Korn Kobblers
3:30	5:30	6:30	NBC:	Religion in the News
3:45	5:45	6:45	CBS:	The World Today
3:45	5:45	6:45	Blue:	Edward Tomlinson
3:45	5:45	6:45	NBC:	Paul Lavalle Orch.
4:00	6:00	7:00	Blue:	Message of Israel
8:00	6:30	7:30	CBS:	Thanks to the Yanks
4:30	6:30	7:30	Blue:	Swap Night
4:30	6:30	7:30	NBC:	Ellery Queen
5:00	7:00	8:00	CBS:	Mr. Adam and Mrs. Eve
8:00	7:00	8:00	Blue:	Roy Porter, News
8:30	7:00	8:00	NBC:	Abie's Irish Rose
5:15	7:15	8:15	Blue:	Gibbs and Finney
8:30	7:30	8:30	CBS:	Hobby Lobby
5:30	7:30	8:30	Blue:	Danny Thomas
8:00	7:30	8:30	NBC:	Truth or Consequences
5:55	7:55	8:55	CBS:	Eric Sevareid
9:00	8:00	9:00	CBS:	YOUR HIT PARADE
6:00	8:00	9:00	Blue:	The Green Hornet
6:00	8:00	9:00	NBC:	National Barn Dance
6:30	8:30	9:30	NBC:	Can You Top This
6:30	8:30	9:30	Blue:	Spotlight Band
6:45	8:45	9:45	CBS:	Saturday Night Serenade
7:00	9:00	10:00	Blue:	Prescott Variety Show
7:00	9:00	10:00	NBC:	Bill Stern Sports Newsreel
7:15	9:15	10:15	CBS:	Soldiers With Wings
7:15	9:15	10:15	NBC:	Dick Powell
7:30	9:30	10:30	Blue:	John Gunther, News
7:30	9:30	10:30	NBC:	Ted Steele Variety
7:45	9:45	10:45	CBS:	Eileen Farrell

Dick Coogan as Abie makes love to Mercedes McCambridge as his "Irish Rose"—but away from the mike he works in a war factory.

"ABIE'S" DOUBLE LIFE

THE only radio star working full-time in a war production factory is Richard Coogan, whom you hear on NBC Saturday nights as "Abie" in Abie's Irish Rose. Six days a week, from 7:45 in the morning until 6:00 in the afternoon, Dick can be found in the milling department of a Long Island factory turning out surgical instruments for the Army and Navy—that is, all except Wednesdays, when by a special arrangement with the factory's personnel manager, he gets three hours off to attend rehearsals for his program.

And incidentally, the fact that Dick's time is so precious makes the picture above a very rare one. He is never around NBC long enough to have a regular portrait sitting, and this one taken with Mercedes McCambridge, who plays "Rosemary," is the only photograph of him in existence.

By leading a "double life" as both actor and factory worker, Dick is setting a precedent that other actors and actresses may follow before so very long. It was patriotism, pure and simple, that sent him into the war factory in the first place.

In Dick's infancy and early childhood he had inflammatory rheumatism, which left him with a weak heart. When the draft board examined him, he was deferred on account of his health. But four of his brothers are in the armed forces and Dick didn't feel that he could just sit back and let them win the war alone.

He applied for a job with the Sklar Manufacturing Co. on Long Island. At first, the personnel manager looked at his questionnaire, on which he had listed acting as his profession, and refused to hire him. Actors, he intimated, weren't qualified for war work, and Dick had never had any experience at all as a machinist. But he hadn't learned how to talk convincingly for nothing, and he finally got the job.

Today, after only a few months in the factory, Dick has broken records in his department by working so fast and so accurately that he's piled up a number of "premium hours" and gained extra pay and prestige.

When the chance came to play "Abie" it was too good to resist, and luckily the factory management was willing to give him the necessary time off for rehearsals. Thus he's able to "keep his hand in" at a profession for which he was trained and had already gained some success—and to which he hopes to return after the war.

Dick was born in Short Hills, N. J., and was one of ten children of English and Irish decent. He studied at the Emerson School of Oratory in Boston, and later was on the stage in New York and on the road with Leslie Howard in "Hamlet" and in other plays. It was while he was in "Hamlet" that he met and fell in love with Gay Adams, who was part of the same company. They're married now, and very happily. You've heard him in quite a few radio shows besides Abie—Joe and Mabel, Against the Storm, and Lorenzo Jones, to mention just a few.

Since high-school days, Dick has had two hobbies which probably account for his success as a machinist. He's always enjoyed carpentering and drafting in his spare time.

Bitter Marriage

Continued from page 9

thinking these things as I told this young man that I hoped he would be comfortable with us. I mentioned a suite in the guest wing with a sitting room where he could spend his leisure, perhaps take his meals—

"I've already installed him in the gray room, Justin interrupted. "And why set up an extra service for him? He can eat with you."

I looked at Justin in surprise. The gray room was on our own corridor where we never put guests. Both of us must pass its door on our way to the nursery. And Justin's consideration for the servants was as unusual.

But to see him now no one would ever guess that he had anything but goodwill and consideration for the whole world. His usually pale round face was flushed a little, as if with cheer, his glasses and the gleam of silver in his hair gave a sort of twinkle to the gray eyes that often seemed as lifeless as the beautifully tailored gray flannel of his suit. Oh, in this indulgent mood perhaps he would be willing to listen through my carefully prepared argument—perhaps he would even agree that I, little Justin's mother, had a right to love my own child.

I SEIZED frantically on the first excuse I could think of to get rid of the stranger so that we could talk. "Wouldn't you like to see your room?" I asked. Before I could suggest calling a maid to show him the way, my husband said, "I've told you, my dear, he's already settled. But there is still the rest of the place to show him. In fact, I've been hoping that your hospitable duties would get you out on the tennis courts occasionally. And it would do you good to take a morning ride, as you used to—"

Oh, this was better and better. He was thinking of my health, as he had in the months before little Justin was born. Perhaps the doubts and fears that were gnawing at me now were all wrong, maybe he had really cared about my welfare then—

Meantime my lips were smiling, making polite replies. "Why, that would be pleasant," I said. "But now—" I turned eagerly to my husband—"there is something rather urgent I'd like to talk to you about—"

Justin drew a wafer-thin platinum watch from his pocket, and his smile chilled to courteous regret. "I'm sorry, my dear. If it is important, wire me at the Mayflower in Washington. But I shall miss my plane if I don't leave now." He placed his cool dry lips against my forehead for an instant, then stepped through the open French windows to the drive where his car was waiting. I heard the spatter of gravel as the car swung round the loop and I saw it disappear down the avenue under the arch of sycamores. I felt the familiar heavy cloud of hopelessness settle down around me and I sighed.

I had completely forgotten Paul McCreery's presence. I jumped when I heard his voice. "Mrs. Rhodes, is there anything—I mean, if it's something I could help you with, I'd be glad—"

I brought my head up sharply. I must have shown my feelings very plainly if a stranger could read them. I forced my lips into a bright smile and said, "Oh, no. No, indeed. It was nothing."

Nothing! The word shocked me as I heard it. Nothing!—when I was talking about my little son, my lovely, golden-haired boy whom I loved and whom Justin allowed me to see only for thirty minutes each day—and even then always under the frosty vigilance of the nurse, Miss Forbes.

I started to the door and the young man stepped ahead of me to open it. In the brief instant that I passed him, my eyes met his. I heard myself say, "I mean, it was nothing that you could help with, I'm afraid."

How strange that I should have said that! Why should I feel the need of correcting a careless statement to a man I hadn't seen until ten minutes ago? Was it the honest clarity of those dark eyes that made it impossible for me to leave a falsehood standing between us?

I didn't know. But I knew that as I said the words, something even stranger happened. I think that all I saw in his eyes was mere, simple kindness. Yet it was enough to melt in one moment the shell of reserve that I had taken three years to build up for my own protection in the queer puzzling world in which I lived. I felt the hot sting of tears that had gone unshed for months, and my throat ached as I ran blindly past him and down the hall.

AS I approached the great stairway that rose in two wide sweeping wings from the front door to the second floor, I slowed my steps. I tried to ascend the stairs as the mistress of this great house should move. It had been delightful play-acting when I first married Justin, when I could hardly believe that such a fantastic dream of grandeur had really come true. But today I found it hard to take those measured steps. I didn't feel like the mistress of the house, and for the first time a vagrant, wicked thought darted into my mind: *I wished that I were not.*

I thrust it away and walked stiffly down the corridor toward my room. I paused at my door, hating to enter what had grown to seem a prison to me. My feet seemed to drag me toward the nursery at the end of the long hall. But I held them back. What was the use of an encounter which could end only in my defeat? Miss Forbes would not let me see little Justin now and an atmosphere of conflict would be even worse for him than the cold strict routine which surrounded him without my futile interruptions.

I WENT in and sat down at the lovely antique rosewood desk in my sitting room. I picked up one of the books on psychology that I had been studying lately both to take my mind off my problems and to offer a clue to their cure. But I could not concentrate. I could not settle down to the listless resignation that had held me for months. I walked up and down, back and forth, from my sitting room across the broad soft width of white rug on my bedroom floor, even into my dressing room. There I stood, staring at the rows of lovely clothes, beige and aqua-marine and dusty rose and all the exquisite subtle shades of blue that made magic with my blondness. All those costumes had been created for me by New York's best couturiers, yet many of them I had not even worn. My eye caught the fine tweed of my riding habit, and Justin's words came to mind. Well, why not? Maybe it would put some life into me to ride again, as I had in the early months of my marriage when a stableful of saddle horses seemed an undreamed luxury.

Once I had decided, I dressed in haste and almost ran down the stairs. Out in the fresh June air, on Butterfly's eager back, I loosened the reins and let her leap gladly forward down the bridle path into the sunflecked woods. Our wild run made both our hearts beat gloriously with the exhilaration of physical exercise. We must have been gone nearly two hours, and I was holding her down to a careful walk to cool her off, when I saw the figure on the path ahead of us. A tall figure, walking swiftly with long strides, and I recognized the hatless close-cropped head of Paul McCreery.

At the sound of Butterfly's hooves, he stepped off the path and turned to look back. "Hello," I said almost gaily, reining in beside him.

He said, "Hello," and stood looking up at me. The sun came through the leaves of the sycamore on his

The Merry Macs are a busy team since radio skyrocketed them to fame. Here they are relaxing in their dressing room at New York's Paramount Theater.

thin young face, and I realized that though I had not thought him handsome before, there was something attractively serious and purposeful about his angular features. "I didn't see you anywhere about," I said with a sudden pang of guilt that I had not let him ride with me. "So I took a sort of trial run alone."

He said, "That's all right. I haven't got the right clothes anyway. But I'll get some if you really wouldn't mind teaching me—"

His eagerness was youthful, rather sweet. "Of course I wouldn't," I said. "Did you have a good walk?"

He nodded. "Fine. And your ride was good, too. I can see that. I mean, you look—" he hesitated shyly. "Your color's fine."

It got finer, suddenly. For no reason, my cheeks felt fiery. I said, "I guess it's the weather. Isn't it marvelous today?"

"It's been grand all week," he said, his eyes still on my face in a strange sort of unsmiling steadiness.

HAS it?" I asked stupidly. "I—I hadn't noticed." Which was true enough. One day had been like another to me, for a long time.

Butterfly was moving her slender legs impatiently, pawing the soft ground with her delicate hoof. Yet I still held her in and sat looking down into Paul McCreery's eyes. They were not brown, as I had assumed at first glance, but flecked with odd gleams of shades that were hardly colors, more like light shining through smoky quartz and topaz, giving them the livest look I had ever seen.

I had to make a physical effort to come out of this strange trance. "I—I must get back," I said. And at the words a fear caught at me sharply. "What time is it?" I gasped.

He looked at his watch. "Four-ten," he said, his eyes coming back to study my face curiously. "Are you late for something?"

I shook my head and drew a long breath. How silly these panics were. They would come even when I was sitting staring at my little golden clock waiting for the minute hand to reach the one important tiny fraction of the day when I was allowed to see my child. "No, I have plenty of time for my—engagement—"

Then, abruptly, I jabbed my heels into Butterfly's sides. I was suddenly afraid to have this young man read any more secrets in my face. And impolitely, with one tremendous leap, Butterfly flung me out of his presence.

My glow of physical stimulation did not last long. Before the next hour had passed, bringing me the familiar unbearably high hope followed by tantalizing frustration and yearning disappointment, I was myself again, pale and exhausted with fruitless emotion. It would have been better, almost, to be separated from little Justin entirely, rather than to be given so little time with him. I dreaded a meal in which I must make conversation with a stranger, say words that meant nothing because they could not touch upon the subject that weighed always on my mind.

Paul McCreery was waiting on one of the marble benches at the foot of the great stairway, his dark head bent over a book. At my step he stood up, and I felt self-conscious suddenly under his uplifted waiting gaze. Stepping carefully in my long flowing jade-green dinner coat, I remembered the visions with which I had designed these costumes with their full billowing skirts and embroidery of silver and gold. I would look like a princess, I had thought, with my blonde hair hanging softly to my shoulders, and as I came down the stairs I would find my prince waiting for me, looking up with love in his eyes. But Justin had never waited there to watch my graceful descent. On the rare occasions when he was home for dinner he had met me in the library, drinking cocktails in scornful disregard of his doctor's orders.

It was a silly school-girl dream that I had had, of course, but I still found it pleasant now to have someone waiting there for me, looking up with eagerness and—but that was nonsense. It was only the smile a polite young man wears for his hostess, I told myself.

"What are you reading?" I asked brightly as I reached his side.

He held out the book to me so that I could see the title. "Corporate Structure in the 20th Century."

I shivered. He said with a little chuckle, "It's not as bad as it looks. You see, it's more or less homework. Only everything I'm doing now is homework, I guess."

I raised my eyebrows dubiously as we sat down on either side of the candle-lit dining table.

"Don't you know why I'm here?" he asked, surprised. "I mean, the terms of my job?"

I shook my head. "No. You were a complete surprise to me."

As I sipped my soup I listened to his tale of Justin visiting one of his seminars in graduate school where he was working for his doctorate in Economics. The next week Justin had proposed that he come and do research on problems related to the chemical business. The offer, including expenses and the chance to work between times on his studies, came just at the moment when he had been racking his brains for a way to earn his living while he did the necessary reading and writing on his thesis. "I guess your husband never will know how much he resembled a fairy godmother to me right then," Paul McCreery finished with a reminiscent grin. "I can't imagine why he picked me."

"Probably because of something brilliant you said in class," I told him. "Or a build-up your professor gave you."

His thin cheeks flushed and he smiled with engaging modesty.

I FOUND myself smiling with him. Why, we were half way through the roast course, and I had really been eating without forcing myself to take each bite. It was the fresh air and exercise, I told myself. But all the same, after the years of stern reserve in which I had learned that feelings were meant to be concealed behind masks, this boy's open friendly ways, his shy chuckles and easy smiles, were —well, refreshing. "How old are you?" I asked suddenly, and bit my lip. What possessed me to be so crude?

But he didn't mind. "Twenty-four next month," he answered matter-of-factly. "And you?"

I jumped. He was treating me as an equal. For years no one had spoken to me without the careful respect due the wife of Justin Rhodes.

"Why, I'm twenty-three, too." I felt actual surprise as I heard my own words. I had thought this boy so young, but he was practically my own age—even a little older.

Still, I think I felt less dreary and world-weary in the days that followed. They were not such long days, now. Some of my empty hours were filled by riding lessons in the cool woods, or hot sets of tennis at which this young man needed no teaching but could always beat me, no matter how hard I tried. And I did try. I had not thought that play could ever interest me again, but now when I found time hanging heavy I'd go

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933, of RADIO MIRROR published Monthly at Dunellen, N. J., for October 1, 1942.

State of New York }
County of New York } ss.

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Carroll Rheinstrom who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the General Manager of the RADIO MIRROR and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Editor, Fred R. Sammis, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Managing Editor, Dan Senseney, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; General Manager, Carroll Rheinstrom, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Macfadden Publications, Inc., 205 East 42nd Street, New York City; Meco Corporation, 205 East 42nd Street, New York City. Stockholders in Meco Corporation owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock in Macfadden Publications, Inc.: Joseph Miles Dooher, 1659 Russ Building, San Francisco, California; Meyer Dworkin, 95-18 Remington Street, Jamaica, Long Island, New York; Orr J. Elder, 276 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Fulton Oursler; P. O. Box 46, West Falmouth, Massachusetts; Carroll Rheinstrom, 300 Park Avenue, New York City; Joseph Schultz, 328 Harrison Street, East Orange, New Jersey; Sam O. Shapiro, 9 Pondfield Parkway, Mt. Vernon, New York; Charles H. Shattuck, 221 N. LaSalle Street, Chicago, Illinois; Harold A. Wise, 11 Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, New York.

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3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (if there are none, so state) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is (This information is required from daily publications only.)

(Signed) CARROLL RHEINSTROM.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1942.
(SEAL)

JOSEPH M. ROTH.
Notary Public, Westchester County.
Certificate Filed in N. Y. Co. No. 525
N. Y. Co. Register's No. 3-R-312
Commission expires March 30, 1943

out and use it to perfect my backhand conscientiously against the practice board. I felt stronger and better, and by the time a month had passed I could see that I was slender but no longer thin. Often, after a race of fifty times the length of the swimming pool, I could go to bed to sleep instead of to lie and burn with endless puzzled frustration. And these days I came to my meals relaxed and ravenous.

I HAD wondered what we would talk about at all those breakfasts, luncheons, teas and dinners, while Justin was away. But though he delayed his homecoming far beyond his usual practice, each meal went more swiftly than the one before. Paul talked freely of his childhood, of the houseful of girls and boys whom his mother and father had managed to keep happy on the small income of a professor in a little midwestern college. "But I never knew I was poor," he said, his dark eyes shining. "It wasn't till I came east to study that I thought about the differences in the way people lived. I saw the slums of East Boston, and now—" He looked around him at the dark paneled walls of the library, the soft pools of lamplight reflected in the silky polished wood. "And now I'm seeing what is made with the labor of the people in those slums." He broke off. "I guess I'm talking out of turn. I forgot for a minute that you lived here." He still didn't smile, and there was a look in his dark eyes as if he blamed me for this splendor.

"Don't feel that way," I heard my voice almost pleading. "After all, I wasn't born to this, either." How eagerly I was trying to disclaim the very background that I had been so proud to achieve!

"Weren't you?" Paul's eyes lit up with interest.

"No. I spent my childhood in a place as near to an orphan asylum as a respectable school could be. I don't remember my parents, and all I had was an old great-uncle who lived just long enough to find a way to make my father's insurance money last till I was ready to earn my living. When I graduated, I went to work in an office—" I hesitated, suddenly reluctant to go on.

Paul sat waiting. How silly of me to hold back perfectly simple information. "It happened to be the Rhodes Chemical Corporation," I finished quietly.

He didn't speak for a minute. Then he said slowly, as if thinking aloud, "Isn't it funny, you and I—" He stopped, embarrassed, and began again. "I mean, I'm not being fresh or anything, I know how different your position is. But in a way the same thing did happen to us both—Justin Rhodes picking us out—"

The innocent little remark startled me. I knew it was just casual, meaningless musing, yet I felt he had placed us together in a sort of kinship, bringing me closer to him than to my husband. In that moment I was afraid. I wanted to get up and run out of some vaguely sensed danger. But that was nonsense, I told myself sharply.

I nodded, keeping my lips in their formal smile. What he had said was quite true. Justin had picked me out in much the same way he had selected Paul. I could remember so well the day he had come out of his private office—ostensibly on an errand, though he had no need to run his own errands. I had held my breath, watching the great man come slowly down the aisle between the crowded rows of typewriter desks, his gray eyes traveling in cool impersonal study over each girl in turn until he came to me. When he had looked me over, he did not go on. As he stood there, I felt my cheeks get hot and knew they were flaming in that silly schoolgirl blush that no amount of training in poise had taught me to control. He asked my name. I drew a deep breath, trying to use my diaphragm and send my voice out steady and firm on a column of air as I had learned at school. "Alexa Merriman," I told him, meeting his penetrating gaze as bravely as I could.

He sent me then with a memorandum to Mr. Grayson's office, and I never thought of it as strange, though Mr. Grayson would have come running at the touch of the big chief's finger on a button. I was too thrilled to wonder; just the fact that he had singled me out for anything was too full of exciting possibilities.

VICTORY LIMERICKS

Said a coal miner, Timothy Digger,
"This war's getting bigger and bigger.
But the War Bonds I'm buying
Will help in supplying
The Victory wallop, I figger!"

I was right about the possibilities. But walking carefully down the aisle to Mr. Grayson's cubby-hole, trying hard to achieve the erect, relaxed, high-headed carriage that had been drilled into me at school, feeling the eyes of Justin Rhodes still watching me, the most I hoped for was less than what happened in the next half hour. Without half the training I needed, I was made his secretary. I did not dream that within the year I would be his wife, a bride foolishly bedazzled by the courtliness Justin could assume so well, by his riches, by his fame.

What was Paul McCreery thinking as my thoughts wandered back over the riddle of my marriage? There was none of the uneasy tension of a lull in conversation between two strangers. Indeed, I had never experienced this kind of silence before with anyone, a sort of tangible atmosphere surrounding us which one could breathe and take in comfort. Yet I resisted that comfort as you might resist a drug whose very soothing quality frightens you. I didn't know why, but often I would force myself to leave and let Paul take his coffee alone. "Letters to write," I'd murmur, hating the falseness of my brisk tone. Would he think that I was writing to Justin? I never did, because the things my heart cried out to him were the ones that it only made him coldly furious for me to mention.

"Mending to do," I'd say another time, like a little girl playing house. If only that had been a true excuse! How sweet it would have been to go through little Justin's suits, fresh and sweet from the laundry, to find a missing button or a tape that needed reinforcing. I had tried making him clothes, had knitted little rainbow colored sweaters, but I had never seen him wear one of them. No, no one in this house needed me, even my own son. Especially my own son!

Oh, it was hard to leave the friendly quiet of the library and go back to those burning thoughts. Sometimes, as if he guessed it, Paul would start talking about something—anything—just as I was drawing myself up to go.

Like the time he pointed to one of the two water-color paintings which hung on either side of the fireplace. "You go in for genealogy?"

My eyes followed his to the picture of my family tree, a real tree with each of the spreading branches labeled with one of my ancestors' names.

"I used to," I told him. "I mean my husband does, and when he first showed me that one's forebears could be traced way back that far, I did get a thrill out of it."

I remembered the day with a vividness that gave me a pang now. A messenger had brought a roll of paper to Justin's office and I had opened it, assuming it was a blue print of an addition they were building to the plant. Only after I had flattened it for Justin's inspection did I see what it was. And then my curiosity made me forget the anger with which he had forbidden me to pry into his personal affairs. But I remembered it with overwhelming fear when I looked up to see him standing in the doorway of the office.

IT had been just like that, the other time. I had found bottles and boxes of neglected medicines in his desk, and I was arranging them for him to take in proper scheduled order. When he had seen what I was doing, his pale face had slowly flushed until it was purple red like an over-ripe plum, as if it would burst with rage. He had gasped for breath when he finally brought forth his childishly furious words: "I don't need any doctors or any secretaries to tell me how to take care of myself!" he had screamed like a child in a tantrum. "If I ever find you interfering in my personal affairs again, I'll—"

I had never learned what he would do, but surely this second time I would find out. Once again he had caught me, and this time my offense was inexcusable. But as I had stood trembling, expecting a repetition of his terrifying rage, he had smiled. He had come over from the door to me in two quick strides and put a gentle hand on my shoulder as he looked at the picture with me. "Does it interest you?" he asked in a different voice from any he had ever used with me. When I murmured breathlessly that it did, he asked, "Would you like to have one of your own?"

"Me?" I had gasped. "Could I have one?"

He had laughed, then, startlingly

loud. "If you will sit down and write out the names of your father and mother and your grandfathers and grandmothers and as much as you know about them," he answered, smiling, "you shall see your family tree."

It had been the day when he presented me with the completed picture, drawn from the research of the genealogists, that he had asked me to marry him. And I, mistaking the overwhelming awe I felt for him for love, had accepted.

Now I shook my head as if to clear the memory away. "Who wouldn't be fascinated," I asked Paul McCreery almost defiantly, "by the thought of people way back in other ages, living under other kinds of government, even wearing fantastic costumes, whose blood runs in one's own veins?"

HE laughed. "I'll bite. Who?" And then I was laughing with him. We sat there, just laughing, like crazy irresponsible kids together, for less reason, I thought, than anyone had ever laughed before. And it was like some healing treatment. I felt almost happy as I went up to bed. Hope and youth seemed to sing through my body. I was young, as young as Paul, who was just starting to build his life. I could rebuild mine, too, nearer to my heart's desire.

Perhaps it was this mood that made me so restless the next day. I felt the need for action, yet there was nothing I could do. I had tried everything. Yet I hung about the house, declining to ride with Paul or to play tennis. He had gone off on a walk at last, wearing such a look of puzzle and hurt that his young face haunted me.

Wandering through the back garden I passed the open door of little Justin's play yard and glanced idly at the handsome equipment within the high stone walls topped by bits of up-edged broken glass. Against kidnappers, my husband had explained when he had had it built. But I could never keep my mind off the fact that it had been placed exactly where no window of any room where I could spend my time would overlook it.

I knew, of course, that it would be empty now. This was the time, according to his schedule which was burned into my heart, that the baby should start out for his daily ride in what Miss Forbes called his "pram."

Just as I turned away, I heard the high little voice call "Mommee!" And I was choked with suffocating excitement.

I looked toward the sound and saw my boy, sitting in his smart navy-blue wicker stroller, dressed in a knitted suit as yellow as his hair. His hands were outstretched toward me and his face radiant, yet twisted with the familiar look of dread that he would be whisked out of my sight. But where was Miss Forbes? Why was there no flurry of stiff starched skirts and neat blue cape as she glared at me with her china blue eyes and removed my boy from my "upsetting" influence?

But without conscious thought I was flying to little Justin's side, and then his smooth soft little cheek was against mine before I had time to wonder what Miss Forbes would say to this forbidden unhygienic caress. As I held him close, though, my mind began to race. I saw the butcher's truck outside the service entrance and guessed that Miss Forbes had left the baby under the cook's eye while she went back to the nursery for something, but the cook had got into a discussion with the butcher's driver.

Without stopping to plan or to consider consequences, I started running, pushing the stroller before me, across the wide sweep of back lawn toward the bridle path. Justin squealed with pleasure at the speed, but I did not look back. Under cover of the trees I ran even harder, and at the first trail that branched off from the road I turned into the thick woods. Even then I did not slow down. When I reached a little clearing, far from any path, I collapsed on the ground, breathless and dizzy. I listened but heard no sound except my pounding heart.

UNSTRAPPED, Justin climbed out of his stroller and looked about him with wide blue eyes shining at the unexpected freedom. He raised both little hands to the sky, pink fingers spread, and simply shouted with his triumph. I was afraid he would be heard, but I let him shout. For once he should expand his little lungs to their full limit, and not with the frantic screams that I had had to hear so often, so helplessly, when we were separated.

In slowly growing peace, I watched my boy trot around, exploring, putting his arms about trees ecstatically, bending over till his chest touched his knees to peer under bushes and chortle over a hidden Jack-in-the-pulpit, or with a child's unconsciously dainty fingers pick little new green leaves of tiny oak seedlings. After each excursion he came back to climb into my lap, put his arms around my neck or lift a tendril of my hair with a wondering joyful smile. Sometimes with great effort he would send forth a string of unintelligible syllables while he fixed his blue eyes on my face with pathetic purpose. He was trying hard to tell me something, but he could not make me understand. Tears choked my throat as I watched his patient efforts to give me his important message. But at two and a half years, he could not talk at all. His only word was "Mommee." I knew from my study of child psychology that impersonal, unloving care could retard a child's development. Watching him as he played, I observed that he was much too thin for his age. As a baby he had been roly-poly with red cheeks and firm, solid flesh. Now his face looked transparent, his eyes too large, deeply shadowed. He was beautiful—but too beautiful! Oh, somehow I must find a way to make Justin dismiss Miss Forbes and abolish the rigid harsh routine that was holding little Justin back, was actually crippling him.

But I tried not to think of that now. I played for a long happy hour with my boy. We built log cabins of twigs and found whole families of last year's acorns to inhabit them. When I saw the rays of the sun come slanting from the southwest I led little Justin to his stroller. He stopped, his little face clouding, and I said gently, "Let's go home now, and then we'll come again another time." He looked up at me doubtfully as if figuring whether he could trust me, and then he echoed smiling, "Coh' gah' 'no' ti'!"

Why, he was talking! He was beaming with accomplishment. Maybe another person might not have recognized those proudly uttered words, but I knew! Oh, all he needed was love!

I BRUSHED the earth and leaf mold from his yellow suit and wiped his knees and face with my handkerchief. Even so, he looked very different from the immaculate child he was with Miss Forbes. But I flung up my chin defiantly. He had had some fun, for once, and it was high time!

My defiance didn't last long. As I started homeward my feet began to hurry. What kind of reception would be waiting for us? For the first time I realized how rash I had been. This was worse than any of my other small acts of rebellion—and even they had offered perfect excuses for Justin and Miss Forbes to cut down the length of time allowed for me on little Justin's schedule. I was almost running now.

As I turned into the bridle path I saw a tall figure hurrying toward me. It was Paul, and as he saw us his face tensed into lines of worry. "They're looking for the baby," he told me gravely. "They've turned everybody on the place out to search. Talking about kidnappers, but I had a hunch—"

"Kidnappers—" I whispered the word. That was what they would accuse me of doing—kidnapping my own child! My knees gave way and I knelt against little Justin. My fear communicated itself to him and he whimpered in my arms. "Oh," I moaned, "I must have been crazy—"

"Crazy!" Paul's voice came out strong with anger. "You're not the one that's crazy! Why, no sane man would keep a mother from her own child. This is the most fantastic thing I ever heard of—worse than I guessed—"

I shrugged, hopelessly. He knew

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Say Hello To—

HELEN FORREST—Harry James' girl vocalist on his CBS and Blue network shows. Radio, recordings, and countless personal appearances have made Helen one of the most popular and famous of girl dance-band singers. Before joining Harry James she was with Benny Goodman, and before that with Artie Shaw. She began singing as a child in Atlantic City, and never had any desire for a different career. After some experience on local stations she headed for New York, where Mark Warnow heard her and promptly hired her for a spot on his network program. After a year there she started out "on her own," and went right on up to the top. You'll soon be seeing her in the movie, "Springtime in the Rockies."

Keep your smile bright . . . but

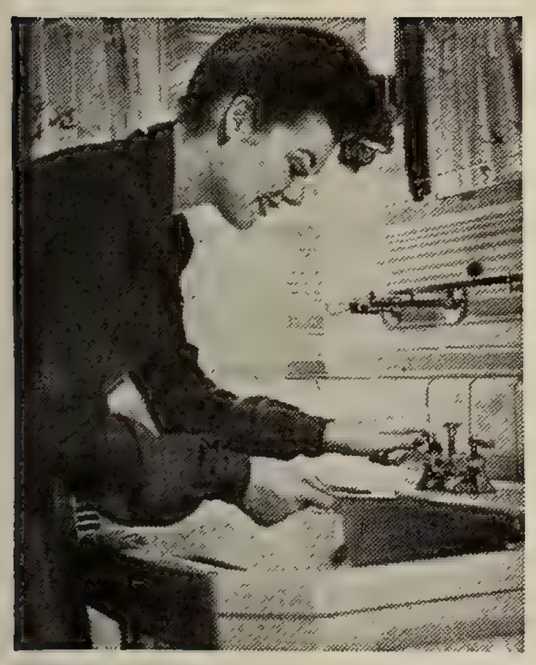
DON'T WASTE PEPSODENT

An overwhelming number of boys in uniform have made Pepsodent their first choice . . . they are taking nearly one-fourth of all the Pepsodent we make.

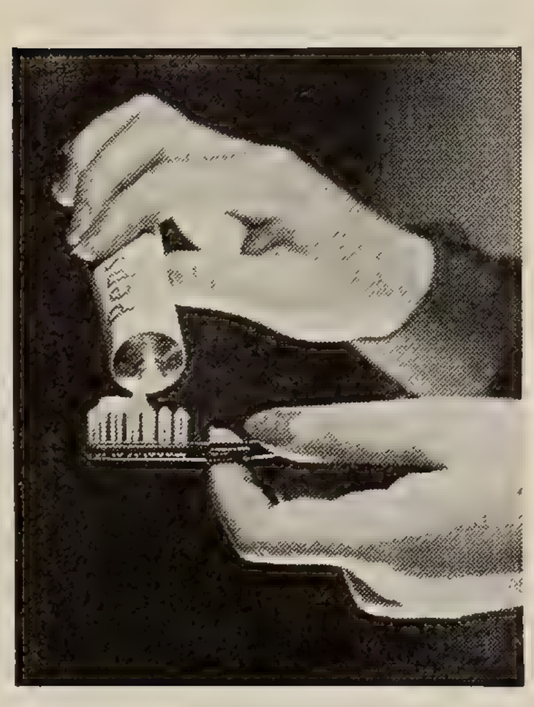
Civilian demand, too, is the greatest ever.

But, wartime restrictions keep us from making more.

And so . . . we urge you: Don't hoard Pepsodent. Use it sparingly. If you help save enough for others . . . there will be enough for you.



DON'T LET Pepsodent run down the drain. Always wet brush before applying paste. Then finish brushing before rinsing brush.



DON'T USE more tooth paste than you need. About three-quarters of an inch is enough. Pepsodent multiplies itself into a rich lather.

DON'T SQUEEZE tube carelessly. Roll it evenly from bottom. Replace cap. Save empty tube to exchange when you buy paste again.

DON'T POUR Pepsodent powder on your brush. Pour it into the cupped palm of your hand. Enough to cover a 5-cent piece is plenty.

DON'T RUB — Dab moist brush in powder. This way all the powder is picked up by the brush. Always measure out powder for small children.

DON'T USE a worn or wilted brush. Keep new ones efficient by hanging them up to dry. Bristles stay firmer, last longer this way.

DON'T BLAME your druggist if he has to disappoint you the first time you ask for Pepsodent. He will have it for you in a few days.

REMEMBER . . .

only a little Pepsodent is needed to make your teeth bright, your smile sparkle, because Pepsodent's exclusive formula contains patented ingredients recognized among the safest and most efficient known to dental science. So . . . keep your teeth bright . . . but don't waste Pepsodent. Help save enough for others . . . and there will be enough for you.

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now, so there was no longer any reason for reserve. "It's the way it is, though," I told him.

"But how—" His eyes narrowed in an incredulous, puzzled indignation. "How did it start? How long has it been going on?"

"Since the beginning," I told him wearily. "Miss Forbes came home with us from the hospital. But I didn't guess what was happening. They let me nurse him, because all the doctors said it was best for his health. That was wonderful—" I remembered the loveliness of that first period, those blessed, uninterrupted times with my baby when no one could interfere with our growing knowledge of each other. Except for that beginning, Justin might have found it easier to accomplish his purpose. But once I had known real motherhood of my little son—

I LOOKED up to see such burning compassion in Paul's eyes that I had to turn away.

"I guess I didn't handle things very well," I said. "I did some foolish things at first, made a fuss, not knowing I hadn't a thing to say about what Miss Forbes did. I tried to fire her and she just laughed at me—"

Paul swore under his breath. "—that money can buy that kind of service—" His lips were white with anger, but his eyes burned with the most tender compassion I had ever seen. I felt tears in my eyes and looked away.

"But it does buy it," I said, "and there's nothing anybody can do."

"That's not true!" Paul said fiercely. "There's such a thing as justice in this country. Don't you dare give up!" He put his hands on my shoulders and stared into my eyes as if trying to hypnotize me into confidence. "I think they're coming around the bend now, and you just march back to meet them with your chin up. Remember this is your child and you are his mother. You don't have to be afraid of anyone."

Well, I tried. It was wonderful to have him backing me up. Someone was on my side, at last. But the habit of fear was too strong. When the station wagon came around the bend I stopped. A whistle blew and the gardener and groom came rushing from the woods. I watched, frozen, as the car door opened and Miss Forbes jumped out and came toward us, her sharp features drawn into a mask of cold fury. Little Justin started to cry, in frantic, heartbroken screams. Then I saw another figure—the big, bulky figure of a man, stepping heavily out of the car and running awkwardly after Miss Forbes. It was my husband.

His round face was ghastly pale and he was breathing in difficult gasps. I would have been sorry for him, imagining the agonized terror he must have felt when they phoned him that his son was lost—his only son, whom he valued in his peculiar egotistic way as passionately as I did—but I had no room for such thoughts. I was holding my baby's hand and crying out desperately. "Don't take him away from me now! You can't! I've promised him I'd take him home, and I must keep my promise!"

"*Your* promise!" Only then did my husband find his voice, and he turned to glare at me. "If you can descend to the tricks of criminals to get your way, he is better off without any promises from you." He kept his voice low and cold, even though his face was slowly flushing with the purple-red that came to him in his rare moments of uncontrolled rage.

"But, Justin, I had to, don't you see?" I talked desperately. "It was my only chance to be alone with my baby! Justin, I'm his mother! Babies need their mothers!"

Justin nodded toward the baby now being carried kicking and screaming by Miss Forbes to the car. "His condition at the moment hardly seems to prove your point. It might even suggest that any companionship with you at all is too much for him."

I put my fist to my mouth to stifle the scream that almost came. He was threatening to cut me off from little Justin completely. It would have been enough to silence me, as it had so often before, but for the touch I felt then on my arm. Paul was encouraging me, reminding me of my rights.

SUDDENLY strength flowed through me. I grabbed Justin's arm, forgot dignity, forgot reserve, forgot Justin's hatred of emotional scenes. "Justin, that's not true!" I cried out. "You've never given me a chance with him. You don't know how happy and serene he is with me alone. He even started to talk today." His face still didn't change, and I raised my voice. "He needs my love and I have a right to give it to him! A legal right, that a court of law would recognize!"

Justin's arm jerked out of my hand then. His frowning eyes went from my upturned face to Paul's behind me. "What is this nonsense about courts?" he asked angrily. Then, controlling himself, he said in a smooth voice, "If you have anything to say to me, you can get yourself in hand and meet me in the library."

But I had to speak out while this rush of strength was in me. I knew those sessions in the library too well.

"You don't want to talk to me," I almost screamed. "Here or in the library or anyplace else! You don't even want to see me, now that my use to you is over. You only married me because you wanted a child—a son! And now you have what you wanted, and you wish I was out of the picture altogether!"

Justin smiled then. Until that moment, when I had poured out those wild words, I had not quite let myself believe that I had guessed the truth. But at his cold, sneering smile, I knew that I had stated a fact which was quite simple and familiar to him. He said coolly, "I advise you not to distress yourself by drawing painful conclusions."

THAT was all. He turned then with all his old assurance and walked to the car. The full force of knowledge flowed slowly through me, holding me speechless as I watched the station wagon turn around and start back toward the house. I guess the gardener came up and asked in curious pity if I would ride back with him in the truck, but I don't think I answered. I don't know how long it was before I felt Paul's supporting arm helping me back to the house. He spoke to me, softly, probably reassuring me that there were ways to correct my situation, but I hardly heard him. I was buried in sick contemplation of the ruins of my marriage.

As we neared the house I saw my husband step out of the study to his car. It whirled him away before my eyes. I wondered dully where he had been, that he could be called home so quickly. Some of these business trips must have been excuses for staying away from a wife whose pleas and arguments he had found intolerable. But no new discovery could make anything worse now.

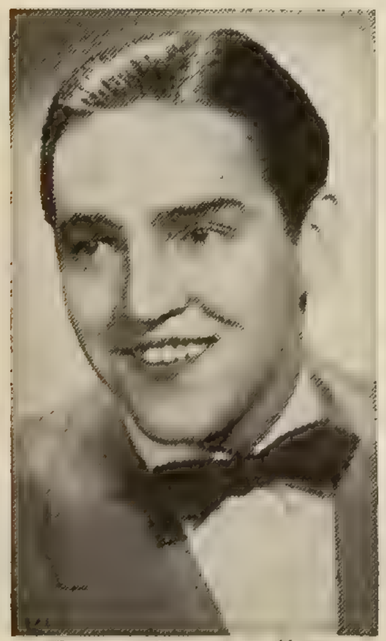
That was what I thought then.

I went slowly up to my room, my feet dragging. I dreaded my prison, yet longed for its refuge. I flung myself on my bed, and gave myself up to a storm of weeping. Not for months had such wild, despairing sobs torn through me. I could not have stopped them if I had tried, and I did not try.

Steps came and stopped at my locked door, but I paid no attention and whatever was said went unheard in the passion of my crying. I guessed that servants called me to dinner and came later to prepare me for bed. I don't know how many hours after the last of them had come and gone I quieted down from pure exhaustion. As I lay there on my bed, still fully dressed but cold and numb, feeling utterly lifeless, I became aware of a presence outside my door. Perhaps in the silence of the sleeping house I heard the sound of breathing. I was not surprised when at last I heard a voice, hushed and urgent. "Alexa, please— Open the door—"

I knew it was Paul. I got up and turned on my little bedside light and unlocked the door. He slipped inside and closed it again hurriedly. Then he came to take my hands, looking down into my face. His own was very white. "Are you all right, Alexa?"

Suddenly, my hands in his, I was.



Say Hello To—

TOMMY RYAN—who stands well over six feet, sings with a rich tenor voice in Sammy Kaye's orchestra, and has a neat touch on the guitar. He doesn't remember when he started playing the guitar, but by the time he was out of school and had to earn a living the ability came in handy. He got a job playing in Gene Burcell's orchestra in Cleveland. Occasionally he sang a chorus. Then Burcell accepted a Hollywood offer and left Cleveland, and Tommy began haunting the Willowick Country Club, where Sammy Kaye was playing, asking for an audition. He finally got one, and has been part of the Kaye organization ever since. It's Tommy, of course, who always delivers those singing song titles.

I was all right. They were so firm and strong, those hands. Their pressure conveyed such a warm sense of his desire to help me, and something more—

It was then that I felt it for the first time. I looked up into his thin, ardent young face, and I wanted suddenly, urgently, to lay my head against his shoulder and rest there. Oh—more than that! I wanted more than rest. I wanted to press my face against his beating heart, I wanted his hands to hold me tight against him, to keep me with him close forever and ever—

I had never felt such thoughts about any man. I had never wanted a man's hands on my body. In those strange, violent moments during the darkness of the night in the early months of our marriage I had lain passive, shocked and wondering, beneath embraces that were too unreal in their urgency to be believed in the morning light. Justin's daytime courteous dignity had made it easy to put them out of my mind, to think of them only as a dream. And they had stopped so soon! After I told him that the baby was coming, his almost furtive secret visits to my room had ceased altogether. I was relieved until the implications began to dawn on me. And then with my reading I had learned how wrong I had been in thinking that all marriages were like ours. I learned that some couples found joy and excitement in love. But I had not believed that any beauty could be in it, until now, when I looked into Paul's sweet, pitying dark eyes. Then I knew. What I felt for him was beautiful, more wonderful than anything I had dreamed.

AND now, just as I had longed to have it happen, his hands were coming up my arms to my shoulders. One moved softly down to clasp my waist, to hold me close and strong against his hard body, and the other cupped beneath my hair. I pressed my head back against it to feel its strength, to look up into his face. His eyes were brilliantly alight, yet his mouth looked almost agonized in that instant before it came to mine, covered it warmly, violently, in a kiss that was like the opening up of utterly new worlds to me.

I thought I heard a sound then, at the door. And it was enough to bring me back to consciousness of reality. I remembered suddenly where I was, in my bedroom. Though I loved this man from the very center of my being, he was not my husband. I drew away from him with effort and he straightened, drawing a deep breath.

"I know," he almost groaned. "I shouldn't be here. But I had to come. I had to know—I was afraid—" He walked swiftly to the door. "Will you go to sleep now?" he asked with infinite gentleness, his eyes soft and loving on me.

"Yes," I told him. "I'll go to sleep now."

And, curiously, I did. I undressed and almost as I lay down I fell instantly into a sound, childlike sleep, untroubled by dreams of what I had been through—or what was ahead of me.

The next day was so sunny, the air so light and shimmering with summer warmth that I could hardly believe the dark happenings of the day before. But when I went to the nursery it all became starkly real.

"They can't Blackout Romance while girls have Adorable HANDS," says Arleen Whelan

Arleen Whelan, lovely Hollywood movie star, with Richard Simmons. Hasn't she thrilling hands! She uses Jergens.

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Jergens Lotion for Soft, Adorable HANDS

"His schedule's changed," Miss Forbes said tersely, "Upon Mr. Rhodes' orders." And shut the door in my face.

Oh, I knew before I went to the study to look at the posted chart that I would find no time on it reserved any more for me.

But I would change it! I had my rights as a mother, and I would not let them be denied. My hands clenched at my sides.

That little burst of rebellion seems pathetic now as I remember it. For as I looked up from the chart I saw my husband standing in the doorway watching me, a cool ironic smile curving his thin lips ever so slightly.

That smile should have wiped out my foolish optimism. But I cried out defiantly, "You can't do this to me! You can't keep a baby from his mother. I'm going to take him away with me, and any judge will let me keep him!"

BUT Justin did not seem in the least disturbed by my threat. His smile was unchanged. "Unless, of course," he added, "the judge happened to be offered proof that his mother was unfit to care for him."

"Un—" My lips could not even form the word to echo his horrible accusation. I could feel the blood leave my cheeks, my hands were wet. I couldn't find my voice to scream out my incredulous, frantic protests.

But he explained, quite coolly. He said, "I have witnesses to testify that you received a man, not your husband, on at least one occasion, in your bedroom, at two o'clock in the morning."

For just a moment my innocence sprang to its own defense, almost without my will. "But Justin," I pleaded, "he just came in for a minute to see what was wrong to help me, because he had heard me crying—"

His smile then, almost gratified, made me realize what he had done. He had put Paul in our corridor for just that purpose! He had laid a trap for us and we had fallen innocently into it. But my voice was still going on, pleading futilely for the truth, even though by now I knew that was what he did not want to hear.

"Justin, we didn't—if you had seen us you'd know—he was only there a minute—"

"My witnesses didn't think so," Justin said calmly. "In fact, the scene as my witnesses could picture it would be very convincing in any court."

I didn't answer that. My hands dropped to my sides, limp with defeat. I knew now that he had me in the exact spot where he had wanted me for two years; out of his way, helpless against the power of his unscrupulous brain and his money. I stood there in a daze, only slowly taking in the full extent of his scheming. It was no wonder that I had not guessed each careful step as it was taken. I had known he was not a normal man, but I had not dreamed that any human being, even with his cold egotism, could deliberately plan to ruin another person's life. I know now that he could not understand the heartbreak of a natural loving mother, so he did not really comprehend my suffering. But he used it, just the same, as a trap for me—and for Paul. His experience of the world, his scornful observation of the way emotion can make men act, had told him that a sensitive, idealistic nature like Paul's would respond to me in my trouble with pity and then protective love.

Oh, I knew how sick Justin Rhodes was. But it was a sickness that no court would recognize, for it was this very warped mind of his that had made him rise to the top in business, won him the respect of the other powerful members of society. Who would believe my far-fetched little tale against the testimony he had bought and paid for? It was foolish even to try.

There was only one course open to me, to leave his house. I would have Paul, I would be free after a while to marry him. For our love already seemed a settled and destined thing. But to leave my boy, my little son, to the cold domination of this man—I couldn't!

The thought gave me sudden, inexplicable strength. I turned from the door and came back to face Justin Rhodes. I told him quietly, "You have won. You have your son and it is in your power to keep him. You can drive me out of here, you can deprive nim of the love that is his only chance to thrive and develop into a normal, healthy man. But I shan't leave this room until I have told you what will happen to you if you do that—"

MY husband was rising from the desk where he had been sitting so calmly watching my distress. Now his round pale face was beginning to flush and I could see crystals of perspiration shining on his forehead.

"You *shall* go," he said hoarsely. "You shall get out of this room now and never come near me again—" His voice had risen to the childish high pitch of his tantrums, but I stood my ground before him, suddenly without fear. I believe I knew in that moment it was he who needed to be afraid.

"No," I said. "First I shall tell you what your life will be like if you send me away from my boy. You will go on making money out of manufacturing death for other people's sons. You will use that money to buy your own son everything but the one thing he can't get along without. You will hurt him, you will block his development, you will make him thin and sick and weak, you will turn his poor little lonesome mind in on itself until he's as twisted and warped as you are yourself."

My husband had raised his hand now, as if to strike me, and his face was that deep dark purple red, inhuman, ghastly. But he stared at me as if fascinated in horror at the picture I was painting, and he did not bring his hand down.

"Think," I said, "what this son will do to you. If you ruin his life, do you believe for a moment that he will thank you? Do you think that miserable nervous wreck you turn him into will love you and make you proud and happy? No, he'll grow up—if he grows up at all—to hate you for what you have done to him. He'll—hate—you—"

MY last words were just a whisper. For I knew that no one was hearing them. I don't know now how much Justin had heard of what I said. He was slowly crumpling, slipping sideways grotesquely like a big lifeless doll, and I could not even move until his body lay quite completely still upon the study floor. His big face was pale now, paler than it had ever been before, the heart so long overworked had sent the blood to his face once too often in its last wild flush of rage. I knew that he was dead.

It is queer, but in all the commotion that followed, I was quite calm. It seems strange to me now that I did not suffer remorse, that I did not accuse myself hysterically of killing him with those last words I said, those words so unlike anything I had ever said in my life before. Perhaps it was because Paul's steady support stayed with me through those difficult days and no one who talked or shared a silence with Paul could fail to gain the composure of perfect honesty. He knew, as I knew, that I had felt no guilt in telling my husband that final truth. I was speaking from the heart, making one last stand in the battle for my boy's life. I had tried everything else, and now blindly, almost instinctively, I had found words that went straight as an arrow to strike deep into Justin's basic inner weakness. I had revealed him to himself, showed him what he dreaded and feared to look upon, his soul's sickness, and it was too much for his body to bear.

The happiness that has come to us since, the three of us—Paul, little Justin and me—has been of slow, quiet growth. We did not taste the full ecstasy of it until time had left the years of misery behind. It was steady, though, that blossoming. It is still in flower, even though Paul and I are separated—perhaps forever—by the war. And little Justin is now as sunny a little self-reliant man as any boy who ever proudly took over the care of a brand-new baby sister.

Say Hello To—

DALE EVANS—Charlie McCarthy's new sweetheart—otherwise the singer on the NBC Sunday-night Chase and Sanborn show. Dale was born near Dallas, Texas, twenty-four years ago, and went to school there and in Memphis, Tennessee. She worked as a stenographer for a Dallas insurance company, and got her radio start singing on a local program sponsored by her employers. From Dallas she went to Chicago and a vocalist's job with Anson Weeks' band; then to Hollywood and a contract with the 20th Century-Fox studios. Besides singing, she writes songs, plays the piano, and dances. Because of her trips to entertain in army camps, she's been made an Honorary Captain.

To Barry, with Love—

Continued from page 14

For instance, had I ought to say Merry Christmas to Dr. Markham when I know darned well, with you off somewhere like this, it can't be merry for him? I said something about that to Papa David the other day and you should have seen the look he gave me. He said, "Chichi—(as near as I can remember it)—Chichi, like I am always saying, God made everything beautiful. That is right out from the Bible. Because our enemies think they are Gods and have decided they are going to remake everything and have it ugly, are we going to agree with them? I ain't. No, no!" (Only he says "no" like there is a "y" in it . . . nyah, nyah.) Papa David said, "Jesus Christ taught us that God is love and that everything can be beautiful as it was made. Christmas is that Man's birthday. Call it the birthday of love."

THEN I began to think about what people mean when they say Merry Christmas. I made a list of four things I used to think about when I said it. One was "Let's have fun!" I guess fun is all right but it isn't the most important thing there is. Another was "Gosh, isn't it wonderful to have a holiday." Of course, that doesn't fit so good nowadays because laying off for holidays slows up warwork. Another thing I used to mean when I said "Merry Christmas" was—"I'm going to eat until I bust!" Papa David says in these days when so many people need food all over the world it is a sin to stuff ourselves with food we don't need, so that's out. The other thing I can remember that I meant, sometimes, was, "I wonder what you're going to give me!" That sounds awful selfish but I bet a lot of people do think like that.

What I am getting at is that saying "Merry Christmas" to people means more now than it ever did before and it is more important to say it. Take the word "Merry" for instance. It doesn't mean get drunk and things like that. It means "be happy" or "be glad." And the word Christmas—well, everybody knows that it means the birth of Christ, or His birthday. Well, so saying "Merry Christmas" means "Be glad that Christ was born, because He said God is love and that means that everything can be beautiful just like God made it in the first place."

Gosh—that sounds like pretty heavy stuff, coming from me, but that's the way I feel about it, and so I'm going to say Merry Christmas this year more than I ever said it before. I think everybody else ought to too, so that all during the whole Christmas Holidays there will be at least two Merry Christmases said for every time any of those Nazis say "Heil Hitler." (I don't know what the Japanese say but it means the same thing as "Heil Hitler." Maybe it's "Heil Hirohito"—except that would be an awful mouthful.)

Take care of yourself Barry and please hurry up and win the war so that life can be beautiful again, and don't worry about me getting married. I am through with romance forever.

Love,
Chichi.

P.S. Merry Christmas!

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Evening in Paris

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Record of Love

Continued from page 32

have to show me!" he challenged.

She met his challenge too. The following Sunday he picked her up at her house in New Jersey and they found a lake where willows dipped their slim leaves into dappled water and small-mouthed bass flashed and fought when you caught them on your hook.

Esther thought herself a skilled fisherman—until she lost a big bass and Martin showed her, quietly and gently, how she might have landed him. She tried his tactics with her next bass and landed it easily.

"Imagine you turning out to be a nice Ike Walton," she said. "I thought you were a Smart Aleck and would be until you died."

They had fun. They drove home under a silver sliver of a moon and an early Evening Star. At Esther's house they cooked their fish and the golden Bantam corn they had bought at a roadside stand. They sat down to this feast with appetites born of youth and sunshine. And they knew an incredible new happiness which they were almost afraid to admit.

OF course they went fishing again. And again. When the season was over they explored New Jersey's wooded hills and the blue Long Island shore. In the hills they found a country inn where you could get roast beef and Yorkshire pudding and real English trifle. And on the Island they discovered a fish place where you picked the lobster you wanted from a tank and devoured steamed clams while the lobster was broiling.

Christmas came again. Carols came over the loud speaker in WNEW's reception room again. And Esther wore holly on her lapel. But now it was a special sprig of holly, rich with crimson berries. It had been waiting on her desk, in a little silver box from a neighborhood florist, when she had come in that morning. And there were stars in her black eyes because Martin had remembered.

It had taken him weeks to find the courage to ask if she would spend New Year's Eve with him. For the first time in his life he was afraid. And, afraid, he lost his nerve.

He asked her in a Newsreel Theater while shots of the contenders for the football game in the Rose Bowl were shown on the screen. "Listen," he said, "and forget those pictures for a minute. Football pictures always look the same anyway, year in, year out. I want to talk about New Year's Eve. I haven't too much money to spend. I've been busy getting out of debt and doing some things I have to do. . . . Anyway I don't think too much of reserving two covers at some hotel and at twelve o'clock precisely turning on a lot of cheer. . . .

"But if you think we could figure out some way of having fun . . ."

They started out about ten o'clock on New Year's Eve, very elegant in a taxi. He was all tonsored and black and white. She wore blue chiffon, deep as the night sky, and silver stars at her ears.

Guy Lombardo was playing at the Roosevelt and reservations would have been fifteen dollars. They checked their wraps and repaired to respective retiring rooms from whence they emerged with the confetti Martin had bought at a five and ten cent store wrapped around their shoulders and sprinkled in their hair. The door-man at the grill-room let them go right in, naturally. They gave every appearance of having been in there before. And Guy Lombardo, who knew Martin from his Make-Believe Ballroom, invited them to join his party.

The twelve o'clock hullabaloo began almost immediately and the lights went out as the band played "Auld Lang Syne." They left and ran through the underground passageway from the Roosevelt to the Biltmore where reservations would have been twenty-five dollars or more. Horace Heidt, whose band was playing there, saw them at the door and took them over to his table.

"The biggest band in America is over at the Pennsylvania." Martin told Esther. "And it's only a taxi jump."

THEY had left their wraps at the Roosevelt. No use redeeming them all the time.

The doorman at the Pennsylvania Grill eyed them suspiciously.

"What's your name?" he demanded.

Esther's eyes were shining. "C. S. Smurgar," she muttered.

"I didn't understand you," said the doorman.

"C. S. Smurgar," muttered Martin, his eyes bright too.

"Come with me,' said the doorman. "I cannot understand you. But if you have reservations here—and I do not think you have—it will be a very simple matter for you to show me your table."

Some Divine Providence caused Benny Goodman to look in their direction. In a flash he was beside them. "Martin!" he said, "Esther!" He took them up on the stand with him and between dances they sat behind the drummer.

"Crashing these places," Esther said, "is more fun than being in them even."

"All right, here we go then," Martin said. "Glen Gray and the Casa Loma orchestra are just across the street at the New Yorker."

They walked right into the grill-room there. At three o'clock in the morning on the first day of January nobody is paying too much attention to anything or anybody.

Glen Gray spied them instantly. "Go upstairs to my suite," he told them. "I'm having a private party." Later, when they came down the back way with Glen, chairs were placed on the stand with the band for them.

FOUR o'clock they took a taxi back to the Roosevelt, got their wraps, and called it an evening. It had cost Martin altogether three dollars and seventy-five cents.

"You wouldn't have had this much fun with anyone else, would you?" Martin asked Esther, holding tight to her little hand.

She shook her dark head.

"Aren't you glad you changed your mind about me?"

"Very glad," she said, "Very, VERY, *VERY* glad!"

"I'm going to ask you to marry me one day, you know that, don't you?" He held her close.

"When you finally ask me," she told him, "be very sure you want me. Because I turn into a 'Yes Girl' when you're around."

Five minutes after his lawyer telephoned from Reno to advise him his divorce had been granted he called her on the telephone. "Esther," he said. "This is Martin. Will you?"

"Wait," she begged him, "and think about this . . ."

"As if." he said, "I had thought of anything else for the last two years."

Springtime found them with a happiness too beautiful to be borne. They went back to the lake where they had spent their first Sunday. They drove once more through the Jersey hills freshly leaved in green. They rediscovered Long Island's curving shore where the gulls, wheeling and swooping and rising high again, acted for all the world like their crazy hearts. Everywhere they went they found magic. Everything they did brought them enchantment. And they were always beginning sentences only to lose them in each other's eyes.

On December twenty-third, five years to the day, in fact, almost to the hour of that first encounter in the reception room at WNEW, they were married at Esther's sister's house in New Jersey. She wore a gray suit, at Martin's special request, only this time white orchids with pinkish lavender hearts sat on her shoulder. And after the ceremony they hurried back to Manhattan and had their first dance together as bride and groom up in the WNEW studio to the music of Martin's Make-Believe Ballroom, to a recording of Glenn Miller's band playing, of all things, "In the Mood."

Say Hello To—

GEORGE F. PUTNAM—who announces The Parker Family Sundays on the Blue network, is master of ceremonies on The Army Hour the same day on NBC, and also broadcasts a total of fourteen quarter-hour news reports on NBC every week. George has always thrived on crowded schedules. In his freshman year at Macalester College, in his home town of St. Paul, Minn., he worked in a hamburger shop all night, slept until his afternoon classes, and still found time and energy to be an active member of the track, football and basketball teams. He entered radio in 1934 at WDGY, Minneapolis, and in 1937 went to Hollywood as winner of Jesse Lasky's "Gateway to Hollywood" contest. Two years later, he returned to New York and radio. He's happily married.

Tell Me You're Mine

Continued from page 13

was so worried. Her sister's partly paralyzed—but can you imagine, she's had her car specially fitted up and she's learned how to drive it herself! Isn't that wonderful?"

I've set down Tom Trumble's words exactly as I remember them, but I don't know whether or not they tell you what he was like. I hope they bring you his quality of puppy-dog friendliness, his wide-eyed acceptance of everything good in the world. And yet—even then you wouldn't know exactly how he seemed, that morning in the echoing, busy concourse of the station. I must tell the truth—he embarrassed me. Beside Dean Hunter, so poised and civilized, Tom's exuberance was crude. His solicitude for an old lady, a chance acquaintance on the train, seemed officious. His awe at another old lady's courage in overcoming a physical handicap appeared childish.

GRACIE FRANKLIN, later, was to sum up in one pungent word the thing about Tom that made me uneasy. "Corn," was what she called it, her red lips giving the word an ugly sound.

But now, under Dean Hunter's amused eyes, I only felt uncomfortable without knowing exactly why. I stumbled over introductions, and felt obscurely victorious, somehow, when I saw Tom Trumble's eyes widen in recognition of the famous singer. Dean, so easily that I hardly knew what was happening, shook hands, promised to see us both later at rehearsal, and was gone.

By all the rules, and all my instructions, I should have convoyed Tom Trumble straight to a taxi and then to the hotel Colonel Wilson had picked out for him to stay at. I did nothing of the sort—because Private Trumble took command.

Before I could say a word he had put a painfully powerful hand under my arm and was piloting *me* out of the station. There were people everywhere, as there always are in Washington these days, and some of them, seeing us, smiled to themselves. I felt myself blushing, because I knew exactly what they were thinking: that here was a girl who had just met her soldier sweetheart, and the little time in front of them was too precious to waste dawdling through a thronged station. I disengaged my arm as quietly and politely as I could.

Outside, he took a firmer grip on the small, cheap suitcase he carried, and—"Gee," he said simply, "this is wonderful."

"This . . .?" I murmured, not knowing what he meant, and he swung his arm around in an all-inclusive gesture.

"Being in Washington," he said. "It's something I've looked forward to all my life. We don't have to get to that rehearsal yet, do we?"

"Why, no, but—but don't you want to get settled in your hotel?"

"Nope," he said firmly. "Let's go look at the Capitol."

He wasn't like a sight-seer, I realized as we walked along. He didn't have the sight-seer's curiosity—in fact, he didn't have any curiosity at all. We were in sight of the Capitol, and he looked at it with a proud, happy kind

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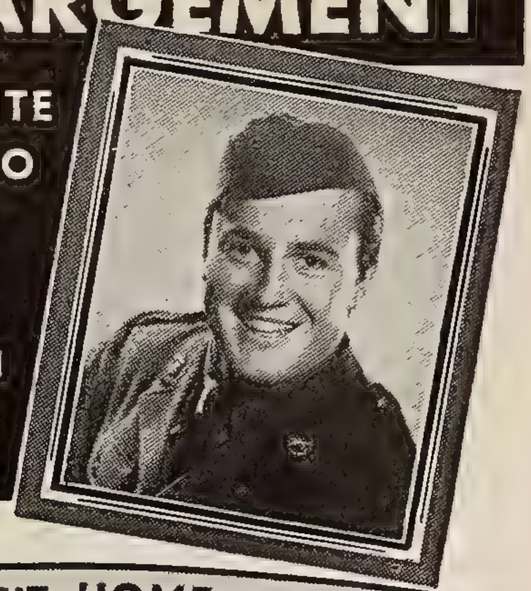

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of recognition. As if, I thought, it were an old and very dear friend he was glad to see again. It struck me, too, that he hadn't hesitated once, but had turned right or left and had crossed streets exactly as if he'd lived in Washington all his life.

"For somebody making his first trip to Washington, you certainly know your way around," I remarked.

"Oh," he said, "that's because I've studied it so much in the guide book. I guess I know where just about every building or monument is."

He wasn't bragging. He was simply stating a fact.

I wanted to laugh at his earnestness. It didn't seem possible that anyone could honestly be quite as serious, as humorless, as naive, as this Tom Trumble. His very name was a little ridiculous!

AND then we were standing on the Capitol steps—two little figures craning their necks up at the swelling, graceful dome above us. Beside me, he was silent at first, then I heard him say in a small, husky voice, as if he was fighting hard to make the words come out:

"You dream of seeing something all your life—and then when it happens to you—it only seems—as if you couldn't believe it, it's so wonderful."

I thought, hysterically, of Mr. Smith in the movie. That was it! I was standing beside Mr. Smith in the flesh! Mr. Smith had come to Washington again, and he still couldn't look around him without getting a lump in his throat.

Close upon the heels of that thought came another one. Was it—could it be—possible that Tom Trumble was, consciously or unconsciously, copying a movie hero? Was this transparent reverence just play-acting? Did he think I'd be impressed?

Well, I wasn't. I was a little disgusted at such a parade of emotions.

"Come on," I said, rather shortly. "I really must get back to the office. And we'd better take a cab—I'll drop you at your hotel and it's quite a way."

He followed me down the steps and into a cab so meekly that once more I was ashamed. Good heavens, what kind of person was he, anyway?

When we got to the Tripoli Hotel I told him where to meet me later in the day for the rehearsal. "It's been swell," I said . . . and you know perfectly well that's the phrase you use out of politeness.

But Tom Trumble took it up without reservation. His face lit up and he said explosively, "Swell! And *you* were swell!—to let me drag you all the way up the Capitol, I mean. I guess I just forgot you live here, and see it every day." He shook my hand with that overwhelming, frightening sincerity of his. "Thanks," he said. "Thanks very much." And he seized his bag and hurried into the cheap little hotel. I wondered if the reason for his hurry was so he could get out again and take a quick look at the White House.

The cab whirled away from the curb—and, just as quickly as that, my thoughts whirled away from Tom Trumble. It was as if they'd been waiting, all this time, to be freed so they could rush right back to Dean Hunter.

The pleasure in his eyes when he recognized me—the fact that he had recognized me at all! Those were the first things I thought of, and then I remembered that we would meet at the rehearsal, and at the broadcast. He'd said he would be looking forward to it . . .

Holly, and the empty days there, seemed very far away.

I was glad, that afternoon, that my job made going to the Hiya Soldier rehearsal a duty. I was glad of this every week, but never so glad as now. Rehearsals were always hard work, but fun too. With a different line-up of stars every week, most of them in Washington just for the day, we had to work hard and concentratedly to put together an hour's program that was smooth and well-balanced. Of course, we didn't always succeed entirely, but our standard of success was pretty high, thanks to Colonel Wilson's energy and long knowledge of radio.

Tom Trumble was in the studio when I arrived. He saw me come in and hurried over to me. "I'm glad you came," he told me. "I was afraid maybe something had happened and you wouldn't. I wondered if—"

He hesitated then, as if he wanted to say something more but didn't quite know the right words. "If what?" I prompted, smiling.

"If you might be mad about something I said or did," he finished in a rush.

"Mad?" I asked, honestly puzzled. "Why should I be?"

"I didn't know," he admitted, "but this morning, after we left the Capitol, you seemed sort of—of—well, different."

I felt myself, to my amazement, blushing. He *had* sensed my irritation, then! "I guess I was just in a hurry to get back to the office. I'm sorry if I seemed abrupt," I apologized.

"Oh—well, gee, it wasn't your fault! I ought to've remembered you couldn't waste all morning running around Washington with me."

"Trumble!" someone called from the stage, and he grinned and left me.

He did have a sweet, ingratiating voice, and he sang with a real spirit, an enthusiasm and sincerity that more than made up for his obvious lack of professional experience.

I went down to my usual seat in the front row, not next to Colonel Wilson but near enough so I'd be within call if he needed me to take notes. I'd been there a minute or so, and Tom was just swinging into the second chorus of his number, when someone sat down quietly beside me.

It was Dean Hunter.

Somehow, I wasn't surprised. I had known, deep in my heart, that he would find some way of talking to me this afternoon. His eyes, his whole manner, had signaled a subtle message to me.

Yet now, just at first, he said nothing but sat and listened to Tom's song. His attitude was detached; there was no sense of superiority or professional jealousy in his interest, and I saw that he nodded with approval when the song was finished. "He's good," he said, "the boy's all right."

I looked over at Colonel Wilson and saw that he'd drawn out his underlip in that eloquent grimace which means, "Well, he's even better than I thought!"

Then Tom began to sing again, and I turned back to Dean Hunter—to hear him whisper, under cover of the music, "And you're all right, too—very much all right." His arm rested lightly across the back of my chair, not touching me, but near enough to make me disturbingly, deliciously conscious of its presence.

IT was only a moment before he moved his arm, but that moment seemed to last forever; and when it was over my hands were shaking a little.

Oh, I could have fought against Dean Hunter's charm, his casual, easy attractiveness. I could have told myself it was only a game he was playing; I could have countered each word or gesture with one of my own, or tried to. The truth was I didn't want to fight this new and delightful experience. I wanted to believe that at last my life had meaning, point. I wanted a song to carry within me.

I had to force my attention back to the rehearsal. Tom finished his song again and left the stage with a shy smile in my direction. A famous comedian went through a sketch especially written for the program, Dean Hunter did two numbers. Then there was some argument about the "routining" of the show. Colonel Wilson wanted to close with Dean's well-known theme song, "You Were Meant for Me." But after Tom Trumble sang "Wait for Me, My Little Home Sweet Home," someone thought of closing with that instead. The Colonel was doubtful—and finally he asked me.

"What do you think, Jackie?" he asked.

Several times before now the Colonel had asked for my opinion on matters connected with the program, and I'd always been flattered even though I knew very well he asked me only because my ideas were apt to be those of the unprofessional listener. Now I was embarrassed and wished he hadn't consulted me. Every personal instinct urged me to say, "End the show with Dean's song," but all my common-sense told me that those far-off soldiers and sailors would find more meaning in Tom Trumble's.

Dean stood on one side of me, smiling a little. Tom, a few feet away, was looking at me with rapt attention. Suddenly, this decision seemed important with an importance

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out of all proportion to the occasion. It mattered terribly what I said—even though, in the end, Colonel Wilson might decide not to take my advice at all.

"What do you think, Jackie?" he said again.

"I—" Oddly, I wasn't conscious of having made a decision. I heard myself saying, "Well it's a soldier show, so I'd close it with Private Trumble singing."

"Okay with you, Hunter?" the Colonel said.

"Anyway at all," said Dean Hunter. He was looking at me and there was still the faint trace of a smile playing around his mouth.

"All right, then," said the Colonel. "We'll close with Tom Trumble."

AFTER rehearsal there was the usual last-minute rush of details to be attended to, the usual quick drug-store snack in lieu of dinner. We never really ate before a broadcast, because nothing tasted very good until the program had been put on the air.

I'd invited Gracie Franklin to come to the broadcast, and, as soon as she learned Dean Hunter would be there, she'd accepted with alacrity. I guess it's time to tell you something about Gracie. Like me, she came to Washington to work. Her home was in Minnesota. But she was a few years older than I, and much older in knowledge of the world. Gracie didn't believe in very many things, I'm afraid. To her, the world was a place where you fought for what you wanted and, if you were smarter than the next one, got it. She delighted in puncturing my enthusiasms with ready cynicism. The Hiya Soldier program was, according to Gracie, just propaganda, and Colonel Wilson was a "brass hat." Any congressman was a "wind-bag," and the only important thing about any job was how big a salary it had attached to it.

But back of Gracie's clever, ugly face and her barbed remarks were a steadfast loyalty and a tart sweetness that belied everything she said about the world and its people. "Practically everyone you meet is a phony," was one of her favorite remarks—but it didn't apply to her.

She made no secret of her envy over my acquaintanceship with Dean Hunter. "A very fine hunk of man," she called him. "Really super."

"Don't you think *he's* a phony?" I asked her, and she shrugged.

"What difference does it make when you're in his spot?" she asked. "Phony or not, he's got what it takes."

This was before she'd met him. We got to the studio early, and I found an opportunity to introduce Dean to her before the broadcast. He was beautifully polite and friendly and—I'll have to confess it—I couldn't help basking in the glow of Gracie's admiration. But then Tom Trumble drifted up, and Dean bowed and left.

"This is Private Tom Trumble, our soldier star," I said to Gracie, and as she acknowledged the introduction I could see her eyeing him appraisingly. Tom, however, barely nodded. The hands of the studio clock were almost on the hour, and there was something he wanted to say to me. In spite of his excitement and nervousness, I had the feeling that this was something that *had* to be said.

"Miss Collins, if I'm any good in this tonight, I'll have you to thank. I wanted you to know that—and that this has been the best day of my whole life, so far."

His honest brown eyes were shining, and I was moved. "I'm glad," I said. "And you don't have to be so formal. My name's Jackie."

"Okay, Jackie," he said. "Call me Tom."

He seized my hand in a quick, firm grip, and hurried backstage. When he was gone I heard Gracie expel her breath in a sharp, amused sigh.

WHAT a character!" she drawled. "Straight from the corn belt, isn't he?"

I was glad I didn't have to reply, because just then the orchestra burst into a fanfare and the show was on.

Hiya Soldier is a strange program to watch while it's being broadcast. The studio isn't very large, and there is no real audience for that reason, but you'd be surprised to know the number of people who find it necessary, and possible, to be present while the show is going on. Usually, and tonight was no exception, the room is filled to capacity. But the strange thing is the feeling that comes over you. This isn't just a broadcast. It's a dedication—a dedication of loyalty to the men in uniform. You feel humble, and more than a little choked up.

At least, I always do. Gracie, I suppose, doesn't.

Tonight the show was really great. It had pace and rhythm, and very great sincerity. It touched some deep

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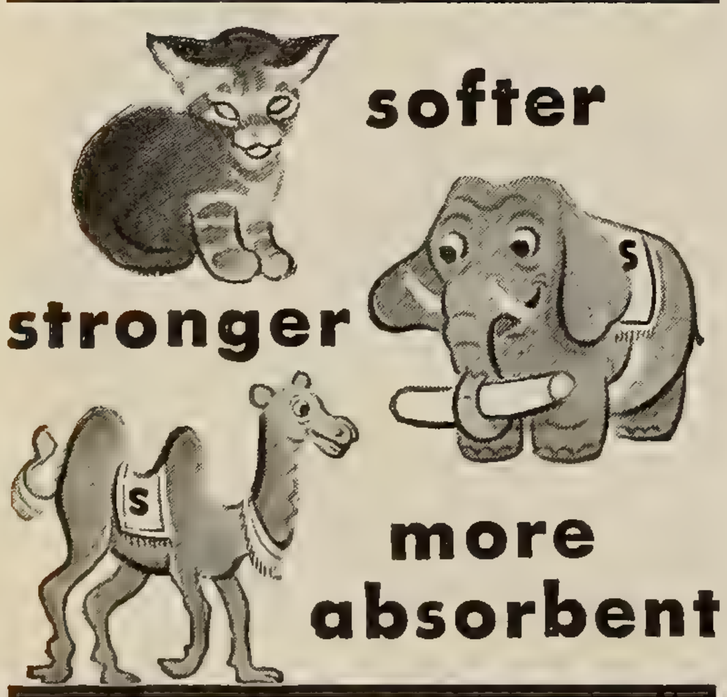

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vein in human experience. It was—well, it was America, a blend of sentiment and laughter and tough, noisy humor.

Dean Hunter sang "You Were Meant for Me"—and not for one instant, as he sang, did he take his eyes away from me. A wonderful thing happened, too. I found myself looking back at him without shyness, as if it was the most natural thing in the world for a man to sing such a song to me—as if my heart was answering, "I know, I know! And you for me!"

Dean left the stage, and I listened to the rest of the program in a mood of tingling happiness. Just as I had known Dean would make a point of talking to me that afternoon, now I knew he would seek me out after the broadcast, and that we would spend the evening together—dancing, perhaps, at some wonderful supper club where I had never been before.

I HARDLY noticed when Tom Trumble began to sing. He was at the microphone, standing there without any of the professional assurance of Dean Hunter, and singing in his soft, untrained voice, "Wait for me, my little home sweet home, I'll be back there bye and bye . . ."

Except for his voice, with its soft orchestral background, the studio was utterly silent with that silence which means enthralled attention. Then—we must all have felt it at once—there was the knowledge that something was wrong. Tom's hand went ploughing through his dark hair—once, and seconds later, again. He glanced toward me, then toward the Colonel. He stammered and stumbled—and suddenly stopped singing.

There were tears in his eyes—and I knew, all at once, what had happened. The song—its meaning, its tenderly expressed love for all the things that Tom and millions more were ready to fight to preserve—had torn at his emotions until he was unable to continue.

My first instinct was to do something, to try to buck Tom up. But of course I couldn't, and in that awful moment of catastrophe someone else saved the situation. It was Dean Hunter. He walked up to the mike and said quietly, "Come on, Tom, let's sing it together."

The sigh of relief and gratitude that swept over the studio was like a cool breeze on a stifling day. Dean sang as softly and sweetly as I've ever heard him, and soon Tom Trumble was joining in. Not only that, but a minute later someone in the studio began to sing, too, and then we were all singing, to bring the broadcast to an end in a glorious burst of spontaneous enthusiasm and courage!

It had been a dreadful experience for us all—one of those frozen, nightmare incidents that happen once in a blue moon of broadcasting—but I knew that it must have been worst of all for Tom Trumble. Almost before the closing announcement, I was on my feet, working my way backstage. I hadn't stopped to reason it out, but dimly I knew that he'd need comfort and that I was the only friend he had in Washington to give it to him.

He was standing alone—I had the impression he had fled there—in a dark corner of the little backstage area.

"Tom," I cried as soon as I saw him, "you were swell—just wonderful!"

"I spoiled the broadcast," was all he could say.

"No, you didn't. Honestly—I'm sure no one even noticed." I was lying—I was sure of no such thing—but this was one of the times when a lie was necessary. "It only was a second or two—it seemed much longer to you than to anyone else and . . ."

I'm sure I said much more, but I don't know what it was. The important thing was that he believed me, after a time, and I was able to bring him back out into the auditorium, where now there were only a few chatting knots of people. I glanced around, and saw Gracie with some people on the center aisle. We went toward them.

And then it happened. There was one of those sudden, unexplained hushes that sometimes come in the middle of a buzz of conversation, and in it we heard Gracie's voice, loud and clear. And scornful.

"Hah! Don't tell me! Of all the corny exhibitions—he broke down on purpose, I'll bet!"

Tom caught his breath, beside me.

"Gracie!" I called, in a wild panic lest she say anything more before she knew we were standing behind her. She turned, her mouth agape.

But Tom Trumble wasn't with me any longer. He was hurrying up the aisle toward the exit door.

I started after him. It wasn't fair to spoil his great day like this. Even if he was incredibly naive and a little silly, it wasn't fair . . .

A hand touched my arm. Dean Hunter smiled down at me.

"Not running away, are you?"

"No, I—I was only—"

But how could I finish? How could I say, "I was running after Tom Trumble?"

"Because I was hoping," he went on smoothly, "that you'd take pity on a visitor who doesn't know a soul in Washington—or anyway, no soul he likes as well as you—and have supper with me."

Tom Trumble didn't know anyone else in Washington either.

And it didn't matter.

"I'd love to," I said.

"Then what are we waiting for? Come on—let's forget all about broadcasts."

WE went down in the elevator, out onto the street. A cab pulled up in answer to Dean's upraised hand. It was all going to be as I had planned and hoped, a short hour ago. Dean and I were going out together—to have supper and to dance. I should have been riding on the clouds of seventh heaven. Instead, I felt—guilty.

The cab started up, and Dean sank back in the seat beside me. Without preamble he said:

"I've been waiting for this minute all day long. You might as well know, Miss Jacqueline Collins—I'm crazy about you."

And before I knew it he held me to him with an intensity that made me gasp, and his eager lips were pressed against mine in pitiless abandon.

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As Long As I Live

Continued from page 18

that I must never allow myself to become emotional or upset over anything at all.

Forget the warnings, a voice within me seemed to be saying now. It isn't important if anything happens to you. If you die? You will have today—today with him, with Steve.

I left a note for Mother. I told her I'd gone out and I'd be out for some time and that she wasn't to worry—and wasn't to try to find me. I placed it on her bureau where I knew she'd see it, and I hurried down the front stairs, out to the street.

I closed my eyes and said, "Dear heaven, don't let anything happen. Not until I've seen him and been with him a little while."

STEVE wasn't there when I arrived. But the same wizened little florist who'd been there that first day—he was still operating the shop. Nothing seemed changed, except perhaps that the florist's hair was a little more white and his smile a little wider.

"Some lovely roses?" he asked me. "Just in an hour ago."

I shook my head. "No, thanks. I'm waiting for—someone."

He studied me a moment. "Oh, yes. Now I remember. Didn't think I'd remember, did you?"

"I really didn't," I answered. "It's been a long time."

He began rearranging a basket of tulips. "Never forget a romance, not when they start right in my own store. Too few romances these days, I say."

"Yes, I guess there are—too few."

He seemed intent on fixing those tulips and I stepped closer to see what he was doing. And then I heard a voice behind me, a well-remembered voice. It was saying, "Lady, I'd like to give you this orchid before I die."

I whirled and faced him. It was Steve, my Steve. The same laughter in the dark brown eyes, the irrepressible grin, the compact figure. Only now he was in uniform and there was a new air about him, a new purpose and meaning.

He stood there, holding out the white orchid, his dark eyes looking into mine. "Linda," he whispered, "you're lovely."

A sudden dizziness came over me then and the little shop seemed to grow darker. Stark terror coursed through me; involuntarily, my hands went to my breast. No, my mind was saying, no, it mustn't happen. You mustn't let it happen, not now.

The little florist was beaming at us. I kept looking at Steve, hoping he had not noticed that instant of fright. Steve said, "Linda, you haven't even told me you're glad to see me again."

He was grinning and I smiled back at him. "Steve, I—I can't put it into words."

"Sure," he agreed. With elaborate motions, he paid for the white orchid, helped me to pin it on. Then he slipped his arm through mine. "Come along, Linda. We've got to have lunch."

"Lunch?" I asked. "Where?"

"You'll see."

You might have thought he would take me to some quiet little garden spot where we could talk—but that wouldn't be Steve, always hunting for the unusual. This time it was a lunch cart, a very nice one, spotless and glittering, where we had gone, I remembered, one night after a dance.

We perched up on the stools. It was so hard to believe, Steve and I together, side by side. I didn't know why it had happened and I didn't care that it would be over soon. It was only the present that mattered, this wonderful, incredible day.

We didn't talk much at lunch. With something of a flourish, he ordered hamburgers and french fried potatoes for us. And while he was eating the hamburger sandwich he kept looking at me. Then, after a little while, he began to ask me about myself, what I had been doing during those years.

I couldn't tell him, of course. I tried to steer the talk to something else. But he kept coming back to it and finally I said, "There's really nothing exciting to tell, Steve. I've—I've gone on with my dress designing."

"But you did give up working in the store, Linda?"

"Yes. I—I've been staying home with Mother. But Steve, I don't want to talk about me. I want to hear about you. That uniform—" I looked him over appraisingly—"that uniform is something handsome."

"Tank corps," he said. "Like it a lot, too. Never a dull moment."

He reached out and put his hand on mine. His eyes were soft and kind and unable to hide the love behind them.

"Come along, Linda. We're going places."

"Going where?"

"Surprise."

IT was the zoo. That was a crazy place to go but it was wonderful. It seemed as if everyone else was there—children and grownups and men selling peanuts and popcorn.

It's amazing how alone you can be in a crowd of people like that. They pay no attention to you and you pay none to them. Arm in arm we walked along looking at the animals and throwing peanuts to the monkeys and watching them run off to the corners to shell and munch them with evident pleasure.

"Linda," Steve said, as we stood examining a sleepy lion, "I've missed you so much."

"What brought that on, Steve? The lion?"

"I was just thinking. This is so wonderful and—and—"

He seemed suddenly serious. "What is it, Steve?"

"We've had our orders, Linda. We'll be leaving in—a few days."

A cold wave swept over me. Not that there was any reason for that to mean so much. It was only this day I had. Only this one day.

"Please, Steve. Let's not talk about your going. Let's only remember that you're here and I'm here and we're together."

His lips tightened a little. "We have to talk about it, Linda. I've only a few days' leave. I had to see you. I have to ask you—"

"Steve," I said, "look at the lion. He's waking up."

"All right, Linda," he laughed. "It's a very ferocious looking beast."

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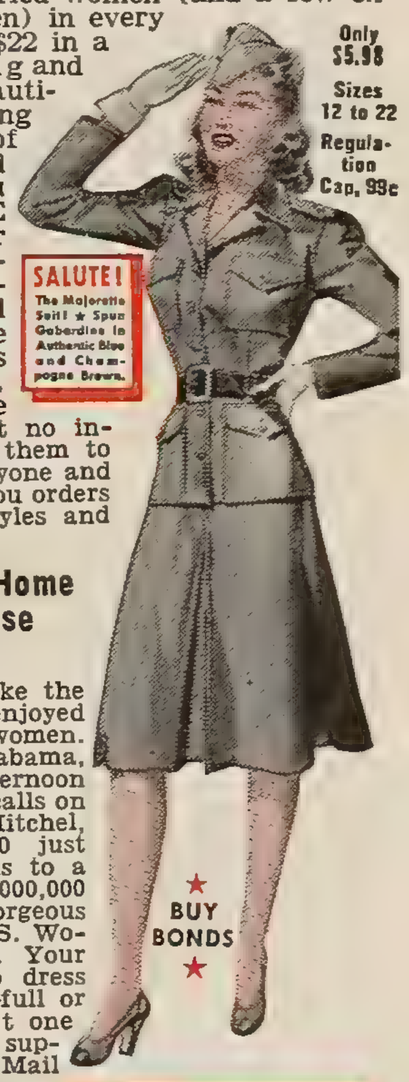

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"I'd hate to meet it on a dark night."

"I'd be there to protect you, so you'd be all right."

We bought more peanuts and started toward the elephant house like two kids.

Strange, how wonderful an afternoon in the zoo can be. Like something in a fairy tale, it was unreal and yet it was real. Just being with him again, laughing again, loving him —this was enough.

But then it was growing dark—winter twilight falling quickly. Steve said it was time to leave. There was a mysterious air about him that puzzled me.

"Steve—what is it this time?"

"I've got reservations—for dinner."

He said it with an air, like a magician about to perform a trick. Then he hurried me to the street car.

The dining room of the South Seas Club was not just an ordinary dining room. It had a marble dance floor and a soft strumming orchestra and a blue sky dome overhead with artificial stars twinkling.

Oh, you might say there are many places like that to be found. But this was different for me, because it had been so long a time since I had been anywhere like that, since I had seen the gaiety of people, felt the spirit of being on a party.

Steve somehow seemed to sense that. I held on to his arm tightly and he looked at me. "Pleased, Linda?"

I nodded. The headwaiter led us to a table by the dance floor. I know my eyes were large as I looked around—I felt like a child on a party.

"It's exciting, Steve."

"Yes. There's something in the atmosphere—"

THE orchestra was playing some lilting South Seas melody. It was so terribly sweet. Steve was looking at me, his face serious and his eyes sombre. He didn't speak.

"Steve—you seem so solemn."

"Just thinking."

"What about?"

"Just how beautiful girls are with large blue eyes."

I smiled. "There are lots and lots like that."

"And only one I care about at all."

I turned from him, looking out to the dance floor, to the young couples there. The music was a waltz and the dancing seemed so graceful over that marble floor.

Steve said, "Linda, would you like to dance?"

My mind held on to his words. Linda dance! Linda who must have quiet and rest, who must never excite herself. Linda who must avoid anything strenuous.

Yet I wanted to dance. I wanted him to hold me close, I wanted to dance to that soft music. I wanted to be a part of all of it, of the people dancing, the wonder of it. Reason said I shouldn't do it. Reason said I should go home before anything happened. But I wasn't listening to reason.

"Yes, of course," I said. "Let's dance, Steve."

We stood up slowly and walked to the floor and he put his arm around me.

My heart was pounding then, pounding in my breast as we started to dance. I felt chilled and weak and frightened. Yet I couldn't know, I couldn't be sure if it was because of the dancing, or because I was so close to him, because he was holding me in his arms.

"You dance—you dance beautifully, Linda."

No, nothing must happen. I held on to him tightly. The softness of the music was soothing. I forgot to be afraid. I forgot everything except that he was with me and I was dancing. You dance beautifully Linda, he'd said. Close your eyes and dance.

He was gay after that. He kept me laughing and left me no time to think about myself, no time for fear or worry. As we were finishing dessert, he said, "I know what's been wrong with you, Linda. You just haven't had me around to make you laugh."

It was late when we left. Nearly ten o'clock. Mother would be frantic. She might even have called the police. I said, "Steve, I—I have to go home now."

"Not just yet, Linda. We've—come on, get in the taxi."

"Steve, I can't—"

"Never say can't. No such word in the dictionary, didn't you know?"

I DIDN'T hear the address he gave the driver. In the taxi, he reached out and took my hand. We rode along in silence. Don't think about tomorrow, my thoughts were saying. Drink in the warmth of this moment, of being beside him. Hold on to this moment.

The taxi stopped finally and we got out. I looked around me and knew where we were. This was the park —the park where we had gone that first day. The park where he had told me he loved me.

I looked at him questioningly. Steve took my arm. "You remember?" he asked, and when I nodded he said, "We'll find that bench by the fountain."

But there was no fountain playing tonight. It was cold and there was glittering frost on the naked branches of the trees, frost that gleamed in the darkness and seemed to change the world into some never-never land.

"The trees—they're like icy dreams," I said.

He put his arm around me. "It's like a wonderful dream, being with you again, Linda."

I smiled at him. "Yes," I said.

"I tried to ask you something earlier, Linda. Something very important."

"Ask me—what, Steve?"

"This may seem rather sudden. I—I want you to marry me."

So there it was. I had really known all along that he would ask me that. Oh, how I wanted to say yes! How I wanted to tell him that I would marry him, that we would be man and wife, belong to each other!

I knew I couldn't. It was the most impossible thing in the world. It could never be, never in all our lives.

"I was angry that last time, Linda," he was saying. "But it all seems trivial and unimportant now. The last three years have shown me how much you mean to me. Linda they must—they must have shown you, too."

Naturally, he couldn't understand. Couldn't understand unless I told him the truth. And I wasn't going to tell him. It was the one secret he would never know.

The time was too short. I couldn't pretend it didn't matter to me, that it was unimportant. In the past I might have done that, but no longer. "Steve,"—I tried to sound calm—"Steve, whatever happens—I do love

you. I always have, always will."

In the night I saw him smile. "And you will marry me?"

"No. I can't."

He drew away his arm. I saw his hands clench. "What is the matter, Linda? Tell me, what is it?"

I was trembling now. Trembling and wondering if this was it, the moment I had dreaded, when the excitement of it, the rapidly running emotions, would sweep over me devouring me with their strength.

"No, I can't," I said. "Don't ask me why, Steve. Don't ask me."

I couldn't stand it any longer. I knew I couldn't. I had to get away. It was no use, no use trying to pretend as long as I was with him.

"You'll have to try to understand, Steve," I told him. "Try to understand, try to forgive me. And—and God be with you."

QUICKLY, I leaned forward and kissed him. For one tender, ecstatic moment. I felt his lips on mine. Then, before anything more could be said, I stood up and ran off into the darkness. I could hear his footsteps following. At the edge of the park I found a cab. I got inside, gave the driver my home address, told him to hurry.

Then, in the darkness alone in the back seat, I realized. The dizziness, the sudden faintness, ran through me in shivering waves. This was it, this was the moment. I closed my eyes. I could almost hear the beating of my heart now.

I had known what I was doing. I had known I would pay the price for this day. It had been wonderful, it had been the happiest day of all my life. It had been worth it, no matter what the price.

I could see him in my mind. See him grinning in that way of his. I tried to hold on to that picture. "Stay close to me, Steve," I said. "I need you—need you now."

Only—he couldn't know. Not really. Only in my thoughts. "Darling," I whispered, "darling, I love you."

The taxi was stopping. I opened my eyes and looked through the window. This was my house. We were home. The cabby was saying, "Sixty cents, ma'am, please."

Unsteadily, even amazed that I hadn't fainted in the cab, I opened the door, handed him the change from my purse, started inside.

Dora, the girl who helps Mother with the cleaning around the house, let me in, because I'd forgotten I didn't have a key.

They were there in the living room, Mother and Dr. Graham. Mother was sitting in the large chair, twining her hands nervously, her face pale and drawn. Dr. Graham was standing across the room, near the fireplace.

Mother saw me and gasped. "Linda. Thank God you're back."

"I'm—sorry," I managed. "I—couldn't help it. It was—it was worth it."

Dr. Graham walked toward me. He put his arm around my quivering shoulders. "Linda," he said quietly, "sit down, child."

Automatically, I followed his orders. I said, "I know I've done everything wrong, everything I shouldn't. I've been out walking, I've been to a zoo and dancing and—"

Mother made a sort of sobbing sound, as if she were desperately trying to hold back tears. Dr. Graham opened that black bag, began to examine me, listening to my heart.

"You don't have to tell me, Doctor," I said. "I know. I disobeyed all your orders." Then I looked at him defiantly "But I don't care. I'd do it again. I've had the happiest day of my whole life and it was worth it."

Dr. Graham was putting away his stethoscope. As he closed the black bag he said, "Just as I expected."

I looked up at him. The way he said it seemed to cut into me. Mother jumped to her feet. "Dr. Graham, what is it? What will—"

Someone had rung the front door bell and Dora was opening it. The next instant—Steve was standing in the doorway of the living room. "Steve!" I said. "What are you doing here?"

"Did you think you could run away from me?"

"You have to go, Steve."

"But I'm not going." And then he turned abruptly away from me. "Hello, Dr. Graham. How is she?"

I stood a step backwards. Dr. Graham and Steve—friends?

I looked from one to the other. "But—I don't understand. How—"

"She's fine, young man," Dr. Graham said. "Just as I knew she would be. Didn't do her one bit of harm. I think—I think all our worry is over."

"If one of you would be so kind as to explain what this is," I said angrily, "I think it would be very helpful—"

And right in the middle of the sentence I stopped and realized something remarkable—I didn't feel dizzy or weak or sick or anything at all. I felt perfectly well, I was angry at both of them and that was all.

"Linda," the doctor said, "I told you a long time ago you could get well, if you had the will to. You didn't have that will. I thought maybe rest and taking it easy would do the trick. But it didn't. You became languid, wanted to do nothing."

I STOOD up. There was something in his tone, something exciting I hadn't known before.

"A couple of weeks ago, your mother and I had a long talk. She told me about Steve, about how you'd given him up. I knew I had the answer. I managed to get hold of him, finally. I told him it wasn't a rest cure you needed, but a reason for living, and he seemed to be it."

"I'd better be," Steve said. He came over and stood close to me. "I took you out today on doctor's orders. Everything we did was to show you you were strong enough, if you yourself had the will."

"Dr. Graham didn't even tell me about it until today" Mother put in. "I was so worried—"

Steve put his hands on my shoulders. He said, "Linda, I haven't had an answer to my question. The one I asked you in the park. I want the answer"— his voice very stern—"and I want it now."

But then his arms were around me and he was holding me close, his lips pressed against mine. I couldn't have told him. Couldn't have said it was yes, couldn't have said it was a new world for me, a sudden and wonderful new world of hope. Hope I hadn't dared to have before, hope that was sweet as honey on the vine.

I closed my eyes, lost myself in his kiss. There was no need of putting the answer into words.

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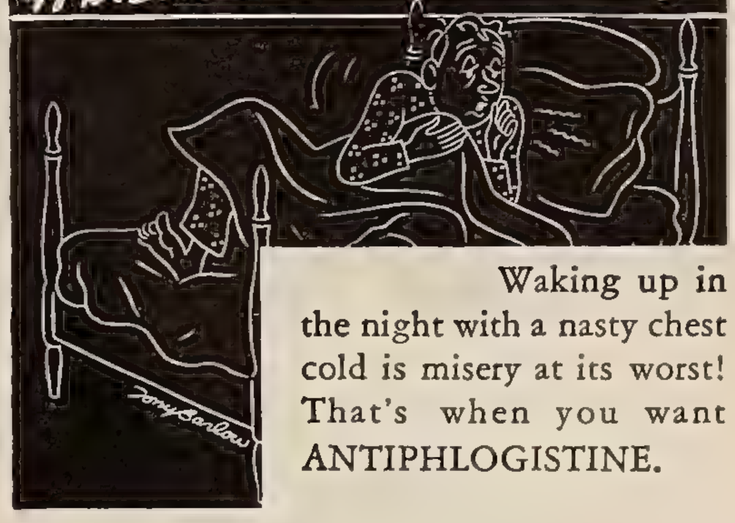

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You Are My Own

Continued from page 35

seat, thinking. I was wondering why I felt so ill, so miserable. I should have been happy, contented. I had what I wanted. John was there beside me, holding my hand, loving me.

Suddenly, it was as if there had been a tremendous flash of light. I sat up straight. I thought back. Could it be possible? I went over my symptoms, checked the time. It *was* possible.

I had never thought much about having children. But now I did. If I were to have a child—everything became so clear! Everything was solved. John would see everything in a different light. He wouldn't think of leaving me.

I was excited. I was free and alive again, without fear. I could laugh again, without forcing myself. John couldn't help noticing the change in me. He looked so pleased, as we walked out of the theater.

"See?" he said, hugging my waist. "That was all you needed."

ALL the way home, I argued with myself. Should I tell him? Or should I wait a little, wait and make sure? But the more I thought about it, the more certain I was that I was right. And later, when I was brushing my hair, getting ready for bed, I felt I couldn't keep it to myself any longer. I could see John in the dressing table mirror. He had his infernal newspapers spread all around him and he was frowning. It seemed to me suddenly very important to wipe that frown from his eyes. I had to tell him.

I hadn't realized how horribly difficult it had been to lie to John, until I discovered how very easy it was to tell him the truth.

"Darling," I said softly into the darkness, "I—we're going to have a baby."

There was a long silence and I was afraid he was angry. I couldn't see his face and I wished I had not waited until we'd put out the lights. Then he took my hand and I knew everything was all right. There was something about the way he kissed my hair and my eyes and my neck, the way he pulled the cover close up over my shoulders, that made me sure that, at last, nothing existed in the world for him, but me.

It was wonderful for awhile. I didn't have to say anything to him about the draft board. He went down the next day to report his new status. He wanted me to give up my job right away, but I wouldn't. We needed to save some money. Besides, I argued, it would be months before it became awkward for me to go to work.

That first week, I put off going to the doctor. I wanted to keep this wonderful thing secret between us, just for a little. And then, I didn't need to go to the doctor to be sure—to be sure I wasn't going to have a baby, at all!

I was glad John wasn't at home, when I found out. He would certainly have known something was wrong, if I hadn't had time to collect myself. By the time he got back, I had made up my mind. I wasn't going to tell him. I wasn't going to let the security I'd won slip through my fingers. It could have been possible, I argued with myself. If I kept John with me, it might still come true. I wanted it to be. I wanted a child, more than any woman ever wanted a child before.

Strangely enough, I was incredibly happy those next two months. How can I explain that? I don't know—fool's paradise, whatever you want to call it. I was no longer conscious of being a liar. I loved John frantically, desperately, as though every day, every moment, might be our last together. I thought of nothing else. All that was important to me was having him there.

WE lived more quietly, now, partly because it was supposed to be better for me, partly because we wanted to save every penny. Sometimes, when I was lolling away an evening on the sofa before the fireplace, luxuriating in the softness of all the cushions John had piled behind me, running my fingers idly over John's face and neck as he sprawled at my feet, I'd grow frightened for a fleeting moment. What would John say, do, if he knew I had lied? But I found it more and more easy to drive that fear from my heart. He need never know, I thought to myself. There were all kinds of explanations—accidents, miscalculations, disturbances. And I shook off my qualms in the delight of the moment. I wanted it to be like this always, with this peace, this closeness between us. I knew there was nothing I wouldn't do to keep it like this.

I was really glad now that I hadn't given up my job. I was a little afraid,

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I guess, afraid to think too much. afraid of what would happen to all my firm resolves, if I really faced myself. Working kept me from having to worry. I could force myself to concentrate on Mr. Hadley's dictation, on the bustle in the office. I could afford to ease my conscience by subscribing to the ten percent War Saving Bond plan in the office. I could fool myself into a sense of pride, when Mr. Hadley complimented me on the way I had got everyone in the office to sign a pledge to put ten percent of each week's salary into stamps and bonds.

There was another thing, too. I was supposed to be going to the doctor regularly. Going to the office every day made that simple. I could always tell John that I had an appointment in the middle of the afternoon—when he couldn't leave his office. It all seemed logical enough, since our doctor had his consultation rooms in the building where I worked. It was an ideal arrangement all around—I thought.

THEN, one evening, for the first time in years, John wasn't waiting for me when I stepped out of the elevator. It was strange. More than that, it was frightening. He hadn't phoned to say he'd be late. I waited for him, half an hour, but some instinct warned me that it was useless.

Long before I opened the door of our apartment, I knew with utter certainty that John had found me out. I was ready for anything, anger, hurt, disillusionment. I was even prepared to fight against them. But I wasn't quite ready enough for the cold disgust with which he looked at me.

John just stood there, looking at me. It wasn't only hatred, anger. It was deep loathing, as though he had turned up a stone and uncovered some crawling, filthy thing.

"Darling—John!" I cried. "Don't look like that. I—I can't bear it. I couldn't help it. I thought it was true—when I told you. I believed it, darling. Listen to me!" I tried to touch him, but he pulled away from me. "Please—you've got to believe me. I thought it was true. And then—then—I hoped it would become true. Oh, please, please, you've got to understand. Darling, I only did it because I love you so much—because I can't bear to think of your going to—to war—being hurt—killed—"

"And I worried about you," John said coldly. "I was sick with worry about you—that something was wrong. I saw the doctor this afternoon. I felt like a fool. You've never been there!"

"Oh, darling, darling," I tried to put my arms around him, to reach him, somehow. "Don't you see? I love you so much!"

John stepped back. He pushed me away firmly. His eyes were darker than I had ever seen them before, dark and black and hard, like coals. "Thanks," he said with a bitter smile, "but I'm not having any more of that. You've pulled the dirtiest trick on me that was ever pulled on a man. You didn't just betray me and my love for you. You've made me betray everything I believe in." He sighed and turned away. "You might as well know—it's all over now. On the way home from the doctor's, I stopped in and enlisted."

The door closed quietly behind him. He had not even said goodbye. He had just closed the door on our life, our love. And he had left it all behind him. He had taken nothing with him that was ours, that would remind him of us, together. There, on the table, like a symbol, was a little pile of the personal possessions that tied him to me, his keys, our joint bankbook, the two snapshots of me that he used to carry in his wallet. He was gone.

For a little, I was angry. He didn't understand. He didn't see how much I loved him, how desperately. He had not even given me a chance to explain, to prove my love for him. He was selfish, selfish! He cared more for what he wanted than he did for me.

But that was wrong. I knew it was wrong, but I couldn't understand it. John wasn't selfish. He loved—he had loved me. He *had* loved me. That was the thing that was so hard to bear. He had loved me and, yet, he could leave me like that. I couldn't understand how a love like ours could just end with the closing of a door. It just couldn't happen!

It had happened, though. No matter how I fought against it, it was so. I was alone. It was as though I had never even met John. I tried to recapture some feeling of the happiness we had had, some memory, anything, and I found nothing but emptiness and hollow echoes.

If John had died, it would be like this, I tried to tell myself. That didn't help, because I knew deep inside, it would not have been like this. John had not died. Only his love for me had died.

In a kind of paralyzed way, I dragged myself through the days. I wasn't quite aware of what I was doing. I ate and dressed and went to the office and smiled vaguely at Mr. Hadley and talked and worked, not thinking about it, just following a habitual pattern. At first, I didn't believe that this could really have happened to me. I was sure John would be sorry, that he would write. But he didn't.

THOSE were deadly days that followed. I was growing resigned, giving in. I had a deep conviction that my life was over and I was just waiting to die, filling in time. Nothing mattered.

There were times when I felt I was going mad, times when I would find myself forced to get out where there were people, the sounds of people talking and laughing and moving, times when I would stop and talk aimlessly to newsboys and store clerks, just to talk to someone. There were times in the office when I'd almost bring myself to the point of pouring out my heartbreak to one of the girls. But I never could. I'd start to talk to one of them and see the strange look in their eyes, as though they were startled that I, who had never needed their sympathy before, should suddenly want to make friends, and I couldn't.

Sometimes, a little frantically, I'd search through the people John and I had known. We had had friends, lots of them. Then, going over them in my mind, looking for one, just one, who would listen and understand, I'd discover they hadn't been my friends. They were John's friends.

Vaguely, helplessly, I realized how completely I had managed to shut out everything and everyone that might have intruded on my love for John. Still, this seemed right to me. This seemed stronger proof of my great love for him. I loved him so

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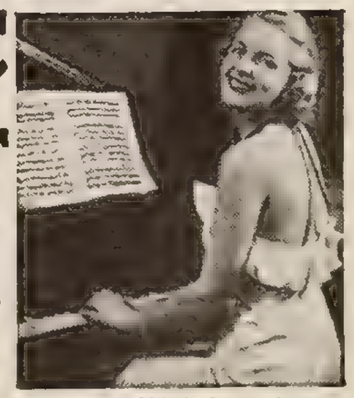

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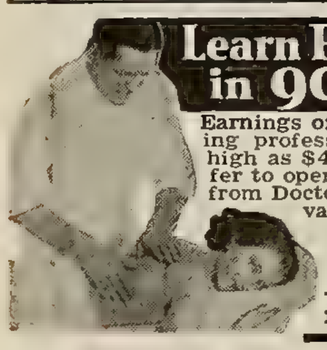

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much there just wasn't room, time, for anything else.

I might have gone on thinking this forever, or at least until it was too late, if it hadn't been for Mr. Hadley. He called me into his office, one afternoon.

"Are you ill, Mrs. Smith?" he asked. There was a stack of letters on the desk before him. I recognized them. They were letters he had dictated to me that morning.

"Why—no—" I said.

Mr. Hadley frowned, but his large, round face didn't look annoyed. His gray eyes looked tired and, somehow, sad. He tapped the letters. "Something's wrong, Mary," he said quietly. "You've never done such poor work before. Want to tell me about it?"

I couldn't say anything. I wanted to, but I couldn't.

IS it your husband?" he asked gently. I shook my head violently. I didn't want him to touch my secret. Mr. Hadley sighed. He took my hand and made me sit down and I felt tears burning into my eyes as I realized that this was the first time in weeks that any human being had touched me, even my hand, kindly. "My dear," he said tenderly, "I'm an old man. I've lived long enough to learn there are very few troubles, very few problems that can't be worked out—if you know what they are."

It was the way he held my hand, his gentleness, his sympathy. Something broke inside me and all the pain and confusion rushed out in a tumble of words. My bewilderment, my hurt, found words. "It's terrible," I murmured in the end, "to find yourself alone like this, to find out that someone you loved so much, didn't love you."

Mr. Hadley sighed and stood up. He went to the window and stared out of it for a long time. At last he spoke, still not looking at me. "Are you sure, my dear, that you loved him at all?" He said it quietly, gently, but it was as though he had shouted it. I couldn't move. He turned around and he seemed to have grown older, more tired looking.

"You don't understand, either," I said defensively. "I was only thinking of him. I wanted him safe."

"Don't you mean, my dear," Mr. Hadley said, "that you wanted to keep him safe for you—you wanted your home, your little life to be safe—no matter what the price?"

"No, no!" I said.

"I'm afraid that's the truth of it," Mr. Hadley said. "I'm afraid that's what your husband saw. Already, many people are paying dearly for that kind of thinking, people who were more worried about themselves, their own selfish desires, than they were about their fellow men, their countries. In the end, they have nothing left. Everything is lost, their liberty, their homes, their ideals, even their right to have desires. Your husband knew this. He knew that no one lives alone. He knew that no man can be safe, when his fellow men are in danger. And he thought you knew this, too. And, when he found you didn't, he must have felt that you couldn't understand many other things about him, about his ideas, that all the time there had been no basis for your love, your life together. He couldn't help thinking that you didn't love him, but only yourself."

"He couldn't—" I said. "He knew—he knew how much I loved him."

"You didn't love him enough," Mr. Hadley said quietly. "You don't believe me now. But think it over. I won't need you any more today—take the rest of the afternoon off. But don't go home and feel sorry for yourself and hurt and so sure I'm wrong." He sat down and his shoulders slumped a little and he rubbed his temple wearily. "If only I didn't understand—" he murmured softly, more to himself than to me. "If only I weren't afraid there are many more like you—"

I HATED him. He didn't understand at all, I thought as I left his office. He was a smug old man. He had probably never loved anyone as I loved John. How could he know what I felt, what I had lost, what I needed? These were the things I was thinking, as I pulled on my hat and coat angrily. Reaching for my purse, I realized there were others in the locker room.

"Poor old guy," a girl said.

"Yeah," someone else said, her voice full of sympathy. "He's taking it all right, though. Never said a word."

One of the girls noticed me. "Did he say anything to you?"

"Who?" I asked.

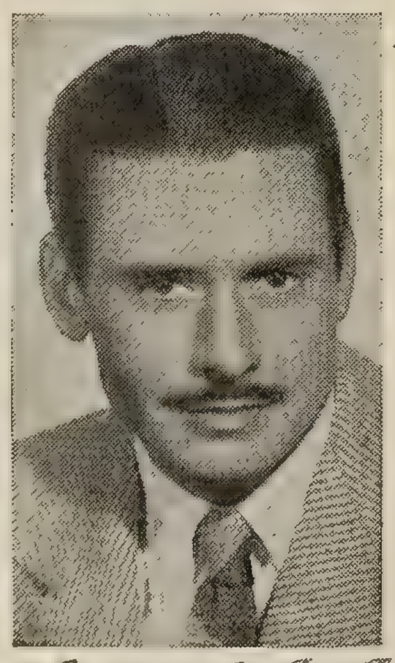
"Mr. Hadley," someone said.

"About what?"

"About his son. It's in the afternoon papers—lost in action in the Pacific."

I shook my head. I felt cheap and small. I wanted to crawl away, hide. I saw his face again, tired and sad and old. And then I saw John's face again, the disgust in his eyes, and I felt shame awakening in my heart.

It isn't easy to face yourself honestly, not when you've built up so many false ideas about yourself and your nobility. It's miserable to find



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all the sham ripped away and to discover there is no longer any place to hide yourself, to lie to yourself.

For hours I walked about. I kept seeing Mr. Hadley, slumped in his chair. I kept hearing the quiet despair in his voice. "If only I weren't afraid there are many more like you—" I was sick with myself, when I began to realize what he had meant.

SLOWLY things began to fall into place. I thought of men, dead, lost, and women and children, who might never had needed to die, if there had not been people, thinking like me, living like me, wrapped up in themselves, so wrapped up that they could not recognize the full danger of small things that were happening. And then I thought of those who had known, people like John and Mr. Hadley's son and thousands like them and how hard their job was because of people like me. I began to see why John had said I had betrayed him and everything he believed in.

Now I knew John as I had never known him before. Now I knew what he felt about us, our life. I began to see it that way, too, not as something small and intimate and separate, but as a part of something, something much bigger than we ourselves could ever hope to be.

Only then did I feel the full weight of what I had done. Only then did I realize how truly fine John was. I had hurt him, robbed him of his personal faith in me, in my love. Yet he had been able to keep clear, in his mind, what had to be done.

I had to find him. I had to see him, talk to him. I had to make him understand that I knew, now. I thought of him, somewhere, training to fight for me—when he thought he had nothing left to fight for.

It was easy to trace him. The Recruiting Station did it for me. Mr. Hadley let me have a week's leave, gladly, his kind gray eyes losing their sadness for a moment, as he wished me luck.

I was excited and happy, getting on the bus. I had a funny feeling, nervous and a little frightened. We moved swiftly over the roads and the whir of the wheels was like a singing in my heart. I was a bit giddy. The bus slid around a wide curve and ground to a short, lurching stop before a station. Suddenly, I felt as though I'd been hit. Things began to swim before my eyes. I pulled myself to my feet. I wanted fresh air. I wanted some solid earth under my feet. Stepping down from the bus was like stepping over the edge of a precipice and falling, falling.

Then I opened my eyes, it might have been ages later, and saw a round faced, fat little man grinning at me. He had on a white coat. I realized I was in a doctor's office.

"Too much excitement," the little doctor said.

I lay on the couch in the doctor's office, until it was time to catch the next bus. I'd fainted, I was told, but it was nothing serious, over-excitement, the swaying of the bus, the close air. I was given some medicine to take, if the dizziness should come over me again.

The rest of the trip was hazy. I hung on to myself, gathering my courage. It was a big thing I had to do. I would have to prove to John—and to myself—that I had really won through to understanding, to strength.

At last, I stepped off the bus into the soft Southern twilight and found myself looking down the short road that led to the camp gates.

I must have looked tired and strained, because the officer in charge of headquarters was very kind. In a very few minutes John was stepping through the door.

He looked different, almost like a stranger. His shoulders seemed wider and even more erect and his face was tan and healthy above the uniform. He looked strong and hard and his brown eyes were steady.

"What is it, Mary?" he asked.

I shriveled inside, for a second. Then I faced it. He had every right to distrust me. He had every right to suspect that I had come to try to trick him again. I deserved it.

"Can we go outside—?" I asked. "I must talk to you—alone, somewhere."

EVEN while the officer was making out his pass, I could sense that John thought our talking would get us nowhere.

We went outside the camp and I made him turn down a lonely dirt road that led off the highway. It was hard to begin. And John didn't help me. He walked beside me silently and I could feel how careful he was being not to touch me.

"John," I began, at last. "I didn't come for pity, or sympathy. I'm not going to beg, or cry. I came to tell you that I really love you—that I understand—" It was easier now. He was listening, not trusting me yet, but listening. I knew that the things I was saying were probably the most important things I had ever said in my life, but I had no feeling of desperation. I was sure of myself. I avoided all mention of my pain and confusion. I didn't want him to be sorry for me. Pity wasn't what I wanted. I told him only the things that I had found out, the things that had come clear in my mind.

I finished talking and there were only the night sounds around us. Then John stopped walking and his hand was gentle on my arm. In the shadows, he came close and peered into my eyes for a long time.

Suddenly, he smiled softly and pulled me into his arms. "Yes," he whispered, "I believe you." He pressed me to him so hard I could scarcely breathe. "Oh, darling, you'll never know how lost I was!" He kissed me then and, for a moment, I felt a flash of weakness.

But the weakness passed. I didn't count. I had come to give him something, faith, my love—real now—security. I had come to set his mind and his heart free, so that nothing would stand in the way of what he had to do, what all of us had to do.

The next morning, I left him, happy and strong and sure of himself. I watched him as long as I could from the bus window, memorizing every small detail of the way he looked, his head held high, his shoulders straight, his eyes proud and deeply happy.

And, at last, I knew I had really found the depths of love within myself, which I needed and which, before, I had only imagined. For this new-found love of mine and the understanding that John must not be distracted from the job ahead of him, or worried by anything, or anyone, had brought me the strength and courage not to tell him what the fat little doctor had told me. That now I was going to have a child, after all.

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Detour to Paradise

Continued from page 27

His black hair was cut short, probably to crop away some of the persistent curl. His eyes were a clear, compelling blue, and they looked at me, as they looked at the whole world, with unwavering mirth. His mouth was mobile and shaped for easy laughter—laughter that bubbled up from an inexhaustible well of it deep inside him, that rose quickly to his eyes and overflowed to his mouth—laughter that was contagious, that not only compelled you to laugh, too, but made you love it. All of his long leanness was well put together, so that every movement he made was supple and fluid. Oh, maybe memory made him perfect in retrospect when he really wasn't at all, but at least he was perfect in my eyes that first night and for the three crazy, hectic months which followed—perfect, because I loved him blindly even when he was being his little-boy worst.

ON Saturday we met. On the next Saturday he carried me over the threshold of the spic-and-span little apartment we'd rented. By the third Saturday I'd discovered that I'd married a man who wasn't meant for marriage at all.

I don't mean that I "came to" with a thud, to discover that all the joy was gone from our marriage, or that Dave didn't love me, or anything like that. It was just a simple fact—Dave Kent wasn't meant to be married, and that was that.

You see, all his life he'd moved blithely from one city to another, one job to another, completely footloose, staying in one place only so long as he was happy there—and that was only as long as the job or the place was new and therefore a challenge. Always there were greener pastures just up ahead, and he never hesitated to break away to search for them. I don't suppose it had ever occurred to him that marriage would entail anything more than loving me and, because he loved me, living with me. I'm sure that he didn't think that it would make the slightest difference in his life.

But he soon found that a newspaper reporter's salary wouldn't stretch comfortably to cover an apartment and the responsibilities of marriage as well as all the things which he had enjoyed doing before he was married. He found that I expected him to settle down a bit, that I looked forward to a stable life, to children. He found that I objected to his gambling away an entire paycheck, to his getting drunk and having to be "poured in" a couple of nights a week, to an entirely unchanged attitude toward all the women he'd known before he married me. In short, I couldn't stomach, as a part of my marriage, most of the things which went to make up David Kent.

We fought bitterly. We said things that we didn't mean. Even now I don't want to remember those quarrels or the things we cried out to each other in anger, standing almost toe to toe like two ridiculous, belligerent children. I don't want to remember how bewildered we both were because we had married with entirely different ideas of what marriage would and should be, each unaware of the things the other believed in.

Very soon Dave was talking about Jeff Kent, in Europe, and how he had planned to join him, how marriage had blasted those plans. And I, woman-like, was reminding him that I hadn't asked *him* to marry *me*. And then one night I realized completely that as long as Dave Kent was what he was there couldn't be the ghost of a chance for our marriage, and I told him so, knowing that he loved me, trusting, as women always have and always will, that love will change everything, that love will reform a man, that love will hold him to her and make him change rather than leave her.

I cried myself to sleep that night and when I woke up next morning the twin of my bed was empty. On the bedside table there was a note, scrawled on yellow copy paper. I can remember exactly what it said.

> Dearest Paula: I'm off in search of those greener pastures you like to kid me about. It's better that way, and you know it. I'm no good—I'll be the first to admit that. I can't live your way. I'm not saying that it isn't the right way, but I guess I'm not made for the right way. And you can't live mine. You'll be better off without me. Maybe that dream job I'm always looking for will turn up and maybe your wish that I'll settle down and behave the way a good husband should will come true. When those things happen, we'll be happy together again. Please don't try to find me. Until a good day comes for us—My God, I love you so much, Paula, in spite of everything!—Dave.

That was all. That was the end of David Kent. Weeks went by, and then months. He didn't write; he didn't send for me. How could I know what had happened?

It was very soon after he left that I found out I was going to have a baby. That made it harder, and yet somehow easier. I had to work hard, I knew, against the time when I couldn't work, and that kept me so busy I didn't have time to think. They gave me back my old job on the *Telegram*, and I rented a typewriter and typed manuscripts for students in the evenings. I gave up the apartment and took a little room, salting away every cent that didn't go for the bare necessities.

And I taught myself, very soon, to be that other Paula—the Paula who didn't trust anyone, who asked for nothing of the world and gave nothing to it. Inside me there was an almost intolerable sense of loss, an ache that was like the nagging ache of a hurting tooth—the knowledge that David had left me alone, that he didn't care enough about me or what happened to me even to write. But I thrust that deep away, and covered it with a layer of coldness. I centered my whole life on the baby that was coming, pinned all my faith and my hopes on that baby. I didn't want to see any other men, to talk to them even. I convinced myself that men were hard and selfish and unfeeling, with no capacity for kindness, that they considered women as they considered their clothes—to be used as they wanted them and thrown away when they wanted to throw them away.

Only once in all that time did that hard shell I'd fashioned for myself crack. Crack? It broke in little pieces and the real me, the part of me that was nearly mad with grief and hurt, came through. That was the night Lisa was born.

More than anything in the world, that night, I wanted David to come back, on any terms, under any conditions. I held my breath, lying there in the hospital, against the next pain, knowing clearly that it didn't matter what he was or what he had done to me. I wanted David. I wanted his hand to hold hard against fear. I wanted his laughter to warm and light a world that was cold with loneliness, bleak with misery. I didn't want to fight alone. I wanted to see his eyes bright with pride when they looked at our baby, and his arms awkwardly holding her.

And then the pain would come again, a rough, wrenching hand, tearing me apart, and I wanted to die because I knew that when this temporary agony stopped there would come again that other gnawing, endless hurt—the hurt of knowing that David had left me alone, that he didn't even care enough to write to me, that he would never come back.

But in a couple of weeks I was well again and I had mended the cracks in my defenses. Once again I could present to the world a calm front, a hate for men in general and David in particular that was so convincing I was convinced myself. Time piled on time. I took the little cottage on the edge of town because it was cheap and it offered fresh air and sunshine for Lisa. I hired a girl from a nearby farm to stay with her in the daytime while I went to work. Little by little I believed in my hate for David because I had to—because hating him gave me strength while loving him only left me weak and helpless. And that was the story of those two years.

And now the hate had been swept away, and I felt as if all the props of the hard little world I had built had been swept away.

I raised my eyes and looked at Jeff Kent. He looked good to me, as no man had for so long. Big, friendly, reliable and strong. And kind. And understanding.

HE had been saying something I had only half heard, something about how sorry he was, how rough it had been on me. And then he got to his feet, while I managed a small smile to answer his.

"Where are you going?"

His smile widened a bit. "I'm going out into the garden and finish planting your carrots for you. Do you realize that you left a whole row of seeds uncovered?"

He *was* kind and understanding. He knew that I'd like to be alone, without the necessity for talking, without the necessity of keeping my face in the composed pattern into which I had frozen it. I felt a warmth that was strange to me as I watched him go out, as I saw him stoop stiffly to the rows of the garden, the sun blessing his broad shoulders.

I came to bless those broad shoulders, too, and to discover just how broad they were, as spring wore into summer. Jeff took the vacant cottage next door to spend the summer months recuperating from his injury. It was wonderful to have him there, always within call when I needed help or advice, yet never intrusive, never presuming on the tie between us. It was sheer joy to have a man nearby—a man for whom I could cook dinner, a man to put up a shelf for me over the sink, or repair the back steps, or drive Lisa and me to the beach for a picnic.

Gradually, Jeff filled the empty corners in my life—and even I had not realized how empty they were. Very wisely, very gently, he restored my faith in life.

From the first Lisa adored Jeff unreservedly, and he loved her as if she had been his own. Face solemn, eyes twinkling, he taught her to call him "Jefferson," and all summer long her shrill, imperious piping made the air brighter—"Jefferson! Jefferson, I want you! Where are you, Jefferson?"

He made her a swing; he built a sandbox and brought home glistening white sand from the beach for it. Tirelessly he rode her piggy-back, one small grubby fist holding firmly to his thatch of black hair, the other waving to me while she urged him to greater speed with a continual, "Giddy-up, Jefferson, giddy-up!"

FOR the first time since she was born I felt entirely easy about leaving Lisa home when I went to work. She was as safe and as happy in Jeff's hands as she was in mine, and he filled the need in every little girl's life—the need for a man, as well as a woman, to grow up with, to learn from.

The evenings, too, after Lisa was safely tucked in bed, were very pleasant times. At first Jeff came now and then, later he came several times a week, and presently we dropped all pretense, acknowledged the pleasure we found in each other's company and spent each evening together.

From David I had learned the heady joy of love, the restlessness, the feeling of having to be on my toes to match his vigor, his strength, his capacity for living; from Jeff I learned what companionship can be—the peace, the goodness of it.

My life fell into the pleasantest of patterns. Work to do, baby to love and care for, Jeff next door, a kind of bulwark against the world. It didn't even occur to me that the pattern could change, that once again I might be without that bulwark, without that companionship.

I can't remember exactly when it was that I began my silly, foolish game of make-believe. Perhaps it was the night Jeff kissed me.

We had walked a little way from the porch down the road that was a silver strip in the moonlight, at first talking idly of nothing in particular and at last lapsing into silence.

Jeff put his hand lightly on my shoulder. "The moon makes your hair pure gold, Paula," he said, and then he chuckled a little, adding, "That's only for nights, of course, when all the world's romantic. In the daytime it's more practical—like buckwheat honey, I think. But your eyes are cornflowers, night or day, because they turn darker blue when night comes."

I turned to smile up at him. "That's a pretty speech, Jeff. I didn't think you were given to making pretty speeches."

"A man doesn't know what he can do until he tries. After all, words are my business, Paula. I ought to be able to manipulate them into pretty speeches. Let's see what else I can do when I put my mind to it. Shall

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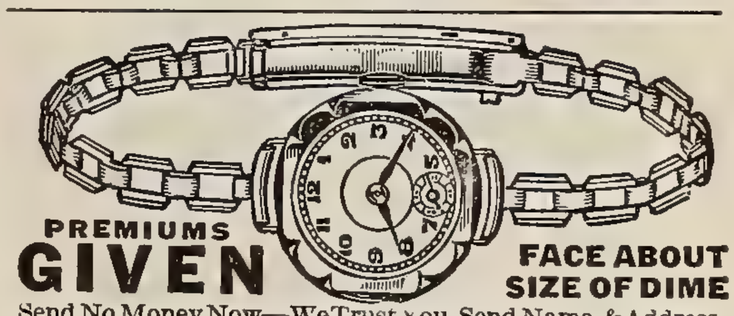

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I say that your hands are like your mind, strong and yet delicately fashioned, quick and supple, yet made for tenderness? Shall I say—"

Laughing, I put my hand up to his lips. "No—you mustn't say another silly word. What's got into you?"

"You."

The hand on my shoulder tightened, swung me around to him. All the banter had gone from his face. His eyes held something new. He looked—oh, he looked like David, then, like David about to kiss me. And even as I realized that he caught me roughly to him. His mouth was hard yet gentle on mine, his arms a tight circle of protection.

It had been a long time, much too long a time, since I had been kissed. Some woman who had never known what it's like to be loved, to be married, to belong to a man and rest secure in the knowledge of being his, wouldn't even miss that supreme blessing. But any woman who has ever known it and lost it feels lost herself. She aches for love. She wants to be kissed, no matter how much she may deny it to herself.

OF course I'd told myself that I wanted no more of all that. It was part of the artificial barrier I had built up between myself and the world, that outraged denial of the yearning for tenderness. But Jeff's arms and his kiss, sweet on my mouth, brooked no such denials. The years between were gone in a moment. I was in my husband's arms again. Without thinking of anything except that this was something I had missed too long, I cried, "Oh, David—David, darling!"

Jeff stepped back. He looked at me strangely, straight into my eyes, and his face was still, the pleasure gone as if it had been sponged away. After that he never touched me again.

But that was the beginning of my pretending that Jeff was David, my pretending that everything was exactly as I wanted it to be, that life was sweet and full. Oh, I didn't consciously say to myself, "Now I'll pretend that Jeff is Dave, and play-act at being married once again." It was much more subtle than that, but it was there just the same. It was as if I had pushed away the knowledge that there was a Jeff Kent, as if I had resurrected David, as if I had never known Jeff at all, as if the two were one person.

There was a new joy in getting dinner for Jeff after that. There was new pleasure in watching him swing Lisa high to his shoulder and trot about the yard with her, in hearing her pleased, excited laughter. There was a new peace in sitting side by side with Jeff on the porch at night, talking quietly or not talking at all.

It was a foolish game, and, having known Jeff long enough by then to realize how essentially different he was from David, I can't imagine how I came to do it.

For Jeff was not at all like David. Jeff didn't laugh at all the world. To him, funny things were funny, but serious things were serious; there were things to be treated lightly and things to be treated with respect. He had in him a depth of perception, a capacity for kindness, that David had lacked utterly. He had none of David's compelling charm, the commanding attraction which had forced men and women alike to a feeling for him that was akin to worship. No, Jeff's charm was the grow-on-you-sort, the kind which takes a long while to mature and by that token lasts a long time.

But I was in no mood for analysis and introspection in those days. I had made a discovery, an artificial basis for happiness, and thinking about it might have destroyed it. So I didn't think. And of course I wouldn't have admitted to myself for anything in the world that the picture of David was beginning to fade a little from my heart. I wouldn't have admitted for the world that there were sometimes whole days by then when I didn't think of him at all. I was happy, and yet, in the face of David's death, I was obscurely ashamed of the fact that I could be happy. I suppose that explains my little game of make-believe. I didn't want to admit, even subconsciously, that I could be happy without David, so I pretended that Jeff was David and allowed myself to be happy.

Those were lovely, perfect days, those days of the dying summer. Jeff seemed to spend more and more of his time thinking of ways to please Lisa and me. Everything was just as it had been before, except that when we went on picnics, when we took Lisa to the zoo, when I cooked a leisurely Sunday morning brunch to serve on the porch, when we sat in companionable silence in the cool of the evening, I let myself revel unreservedly in the happiness which had been postponed in my life too long, because I pretended that it was my husband with whom I was sharing these simple, homey joys. Wrapped up in the new pleasures that life had brought me I was quite blind to what was happening to Jeff. A hundred little things should have told me, but it took a big thing, a real shock, to jar me into awareness.

It happened on a wonderful, woodsy-smelling day. Autumn was coming; it was almost upon us. I'd have to think about getting in fuel, about buying a snowsuit for Lisa. But I didn't want to think of anything but the moment—the first coloring of the leaves, the far-off smell of bonfires, the sun on my back as I pulled the last of the carrots in the garden.

JEFF was coming to dinner. He would be along soon, and I thought contentedly of sitting across the table from him, letting myself half believe that this was my husband, by some miracle restored to me.

He came as I was washing the carrots. I saw him jump the little fence that separated the two yards, and my heart leaped too because his limp was really gone and he was well again. He burst in the back door, waving a letter.

"Paula, where—oh, there you are. Paula, look at this. I've got my marching orders!"

I looked at him blankly. "What? What do you mean?"

He grinned. "This waiting around is over. I—I'm going back to work."

"To work? Where?" Everything was changed. Autumn had come, and it was going to ruin our lives.

"Where?" He shrugged as he listed the possibilities, quite as if he were listing some nearby towns. "Maybe Australia, maybe Alaska, maybe China, maybe back to England—wherever they want to send me."

It was changing—too fast, too fast! Jeff would go away and the security of having him within call would end.

I would be alone once more.

"Jeff! I'll hate it! I'll miss you so!"

He smiled down at me. It was no longer the cocky grin of a moment before. It was his gentle smile, and there was something more behind it, in his eyes. "Paula, after that once, I'm afraid."

My heart quickened. "Afraid? Of what?"

"Paula, Paula—is it too soon, I wonder?"

"Too soon? Too soon for what?"

"Too soon to ask you what I want to ask you."

My emotions seemed to be neatly laid out in layers. Underneath there was the old, almost-dead revulsion, the no-more-men feeling that had been with me so long that it was hard to cleanse it away. And then there was the pain, the swift revolt against anyone taking David's place in my heart. But on top—on top there was the realization that I couldn't bear to have Jeff leave me like this.

I LOOKED up at him, meeting the question, the—yes, the fear in his eyes, as he went on.

"Honey, I want you to marry me. But it's a hell of a thing to offer you. More waiting. More years of waiting alone at home for a man to come back. I haven't any right to offer you that, but it's all I have. I've got to go back. It's my way of doing my part. It's my kind of soldiering. You understand that?"

I nodded slowly. "Yes, I understand that. You have to go back." But I wasn't concentrating on what I was saying. I was trying to put a name to the feeling that Jeff's telling me he had to go away had crystallized.

He put out his hands—his slim, fine, David-like hands—to me, and I remembered bleakly that there would be no more of pretending that those were David's hands.

And then I knew. I knew that what I felt was love for him, because I had felt it before, for another man with this man's eyes and this man's hands and this man's laughter. And I knew that this time it was deeper, more genuine, that loving David had only been like a rehearsal, only a prophecy of what loving Jeff could be.

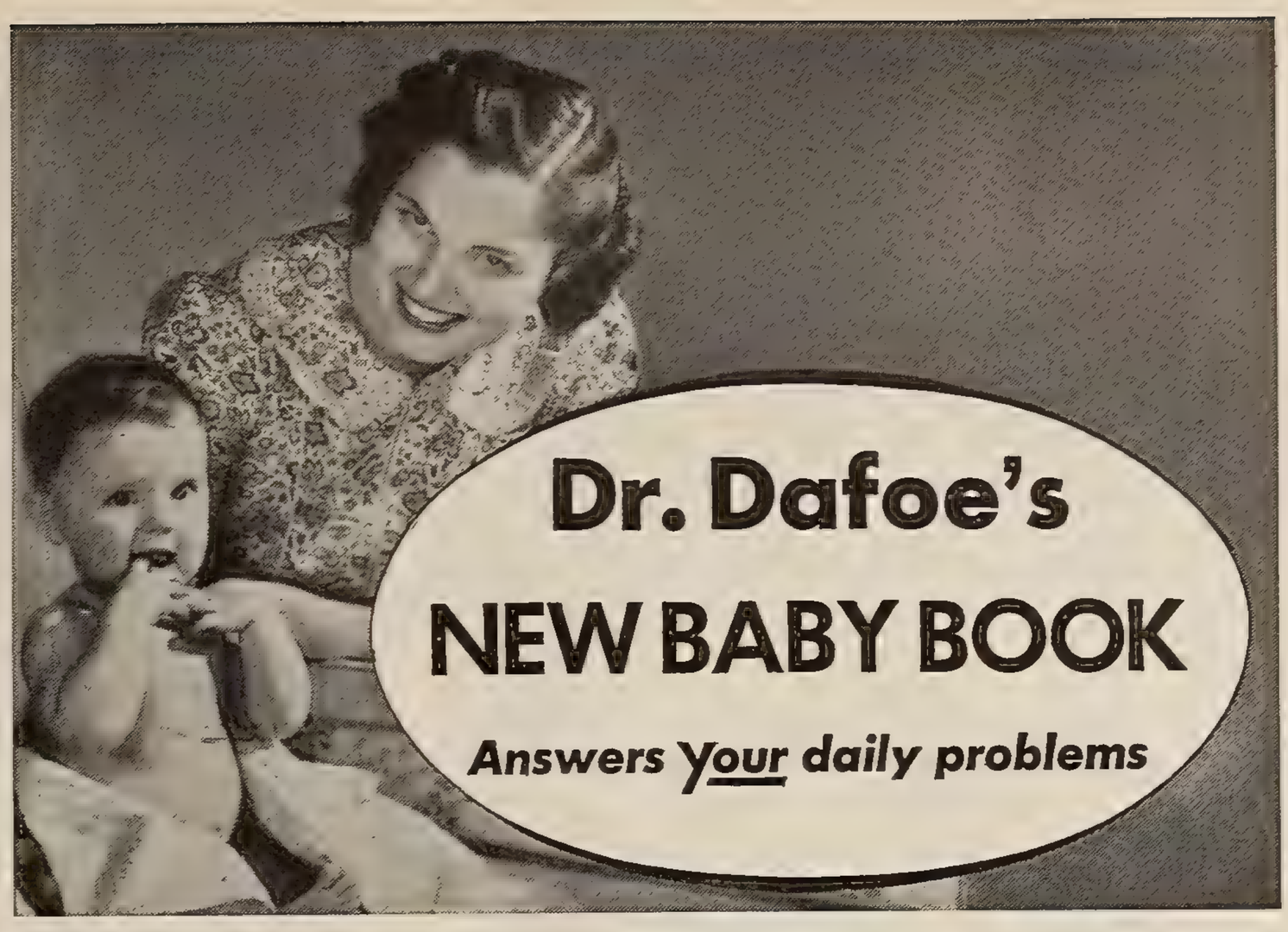
I realized that I no longer wanted to pretend. I no longer wanted to pretend that this was David, waiting to take me in his arms. I wanted no more playing at life. I wanted really to live, to *know*—to know that this was Jeff, himself, with his arms out to me, hesitant, suppliant.

It must have been in my face, for I was suddenly snatched to him, once more really secure for the first time in much too long. Secure in a man's love, in my love for him.

I turned my mouth up to meet his. "It's not too soon. It's not a bit too soon, Jeff, to give me happiness. Maybe we've wasted precious time. But we won't waste any more. I know now how to wait."

I could face even that, now. Waiting for Jeff to come home wouldn't be like waiting for David. I would know that Jeff would come. There would be something to plan for, something to look forward to. I was amazed to find that I was crying, because there was no reason to cry. I brushed the tears away and smiled up at Jeff.

"We'll wait for you to come home to us, Lisa and I. Waiting is a woman's job, and I'll make a good job of it, for you!"



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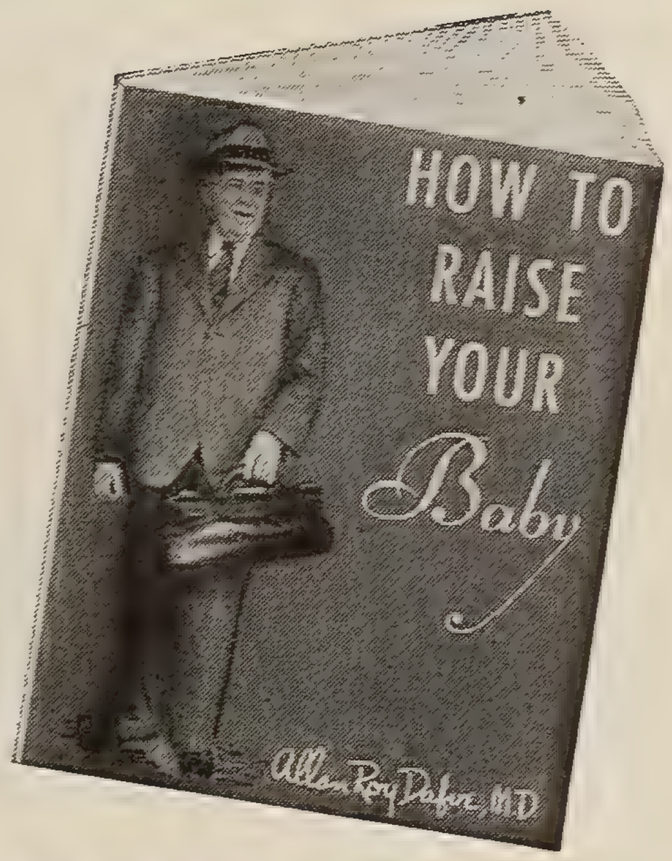

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Wait for Tomorrow

Continued from page 30

well. Maybe it would have hurt worse if we had gone hunting together for the place that would meet the specifications of years of dreams. Because the dreams could not come true. Bruce had been part of every dream—until now.

"Isn't it queer," I began as we walked along the strip of tree-shaded park between the lanes of traffic on the Avenue, "to be married to someone you know as little about as we know of each other?"

I had tried to make my voice casual, but his head jerked as he turned to look at me. "I see nothing queer," he said a little sharply. "I know all I need to know of you."

"Maybe," I said. "Of course I've chattered on a lot to you about my folks in Vermont. You're even going to see them, Thanksgiving. They'll hardly be able to wait, when they know—" I must not get to thinking about that, wondering how I'd tell them that they would not have their beloved Bruce in the family after all. I must keep on till I found out what I had to know. "I guess I chattered so much I didn't give you a chance to tell me anything about your folks. Are any of them here in America?"

HE shook his head and I saw that his brown eyes had lost their look of eager anticipation and were now expressionless, staring down at the grass on his side of the walk.

"Ferenc, it seems to me that maybe I'd feel more—well, more real about everything, if I could sort of get some pictures of you—the way you grew up in your family and all—"

He turned to me then and his eyes were shadowed with what must be pain. "I am sorry that I am a stranger to you," he said. "I did not wish to sadden you, but if you will have it so—" He shrugged. "My mother, yes, I left her behind. She refused to part from my stepfather."

His tone was almost angry, and I asked, "But why did you want her to leave him?"

"Because he was a stubborn fool." Ferenc was frowning, and his white teeth bit into his lip. "When the authorities discovered certain facts about his ancestry, he would not acknowledge their right to remove him as chief doctor of the sanitarium he had built. In the end, he killed himself. Even then, my mother stayed. She must be near her daughter and the children."

"Why, I think that was noble of her," I said, puzzled at his tone.

Ferenc shrugged. "So . . . Have I told you enough of these charming little tales?"

I couldn't bear to see him in this mood. Even though I still knew nothing of him, really, I could not ask him to tell any more. "I know you must want to forget all this," I said.

He lifted my hand to his lips. "That is your part," he said, his brown eyes imploring now. "Because you belong to a different, brighter world, I come to you for forgetfulness. You see?"

"Oh, yes, Ferenc," I told him. "I do." Suddenly my duty was clear before me, to help him have the happiness that could be created only in a country where two people were free to make their own lives. "I tell you what let's do," I said impulsively. "Let's have dinner at home tonight. Have we a good kitchen?"

He smiled. "Wait only one moment, and you shall make your own judgment." He led me across the avenue and around a corner. Then we were walking up a wide walk to a cream-brick house which had the smart look that marks those good old houses which have been remodeled into handsome small apartments.

"Do you live *here?*" I stopped, staring.

He smiled. "*We* live here."

"But isn't it terribly expensive?"

He said, shrugging, "Perhaps I think my surroundings are too important. But I require certain things: quiet, privacy, rooms of good proportion—" He twisted his red lips into a whimsical little quirk. "Do not make me change my bachelor habits too suddenly, I beg you."

"But it's wonderful," I breathed in the doorway of the immense white paneled living room with its mirrored fireplace and heavy dark carved furniture. Wine red velvet draperies hung at windows that reached from ceiling to floor. How much, I could not help wondering as I often had before, did Ferenc earn at the studio? Enough to live on, but this way?

"It was the kitchen that you wanted to see," Ferenc reminded me, still smiling. It was small, all its monel metal surfaces within reach of an efficient bachelor's hand. Only the wooden salad bowl, the row of shining copper pots and earthenware casseroles relieved its bareness. And even they seemed alien and strange. Well, I told myself again, it was better this way, to have a kitchen utterly unlike the big, light cozy one of my dreams. Bruce had said, one night when we were leafing through a magazine together, "No kitchenettes for us. Right, honey? Don't we want our kids to remember a place where there was room enough to take off their overshoes and oil their roller skates and cook doughnuts and raid the cooky jar?" I had laughed, a little breathless at the thought of having kids whose father would be Bruce, and I'd said, "That sounds like quite a mess, overshoes and roller skates and cookies and doughnuts." But I'd loved the picture.

BUT now I concentrated on listing all the items this kitchen lacked, and what I'd need to cook tonight's dinner. If I put everything into keeping house for Ferenc, maybe it would help me feel like a wife in every way.

And the dinner was good. "Real American home style," I told Ferenc as I set the platter of broiled steak at his place for carving and went back to open the baked potatoes and tuck in big lumps of butter to melt inside them.

But when he had placed neat strips of juicy steak on the rich glazed surface of each dinner plate, and I had served the buttery green beans, I found it hard to eat. Something in the atmosphere took my appetite away—or rather, something missing in the atmosphere. The pleasant room lying in shadow around the candlelit table seemed dark and lonely. It was a mistake to leave the bright clatter of restaurants, I thought. But that was weak and cowardly. I had to learn to be alone with Ferenc.

I tried to think of something to fill the silence. "After dinner," I said briskly, "I'll have to go home and get my things—"

"Home?" Ferenc raised his dark eyebrows. "Have you forgotten already that this is your home?"

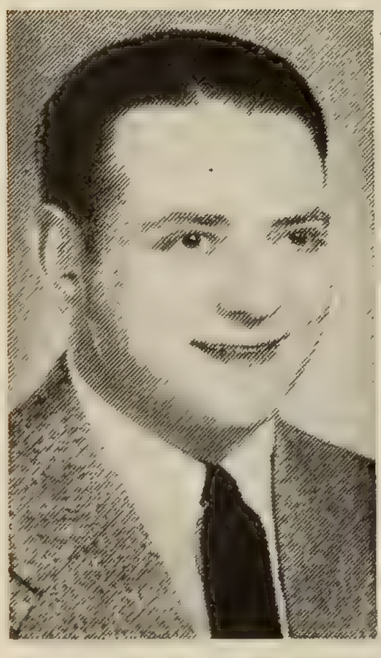
"I meant my room," I tried to laugh, but I knew the mistake had been significant. "You see, I'll have to pay my landlady and move out." As I spoke, I wondered how I could bear to go back there.

He said, as if he read my thoughts, "You need not. I have done that little errand."

"You did that for me?" I stared at him. Oh, he was sweet. He understood all my foolish fears and miseries and did not hate me for them, but tried instead to help me. I reached my hand to touch his, gratefully. Oh, I did want to love him.

But when his hand tightened on mine and I saw the ardent look come to his brown eyes, I lowered my gaze to my plate. My relief was gone, and panic took its place. I remembered what was ahead. We would not sit at the table all evening. The time would come for me to go and inspect the job he had done of hanging my clothes in his closet. I realized suddenly that I had not even seen the bedroom. And I knew why. It was because I had not wanted to see it.

Oh, I learned in the weeks that followed that anything can be borne if you face it with a spirit of acceptance. And it may sound queer, but even our unhappiness brought Ferenc and me close together, as suffering always



Say Hello To—

FRED UTTAL—who announces the Al Jolson program on CBS Tuesday nights and also serves as a foil for some of Al's comedy lines. Another of the programs on which he's heard regularly is We Love and Learn, the CBS serial. Fred has been a top network announcer for many years, and has also produced and directed programs. He's a native New Yorker, but no longer lives in the big city; when not broadcasting he's usually hard at work on his farm in Connecticut, where his hobby is raising herbs. Before he entered radio he was an actor and assistant director in the movies. If he is ever out of announcing jobs—which doesn't seem likely—he'd like to write radio scripts and novels. He has brown hair and brown eyes.

unites two people who are truly trying to be kind to each other. I tried my best to match his wonderful consideration, his sensitive tenderness. Sometimes I hoped that it was my inexperience, my ignorance, that made his embraces as shocking to me as if I had given myself to an utter, alien stranger. I thought hopefully that it might be a simple matter of learning technical facts about marriage. So I read books, and maybe they helped a little. They could help a lot, I know, in many marriages. But books can't give you the man you love. And I didn't love Ferenc. I loved Bruce.

I had not let that thought come to my mind. I had even destroyed the one letter that had come to me from Bruce a few days after our marriage. I was afraid to open it, even though I knew nothing he could say would change the fact that he had chosen not to come to me that night. I was afraid of what his handwriting alone could do to me. A fire that must go out should have no fuel. And this one must go out. I must nurture the strange sad tenderness in my marriage and make it grow. I could, surely, with time.

BUT there was not much time, hardly a month, before that night when I began to see that a horror far more terrifying than my own personal feelings, was threatening my marriage.

Ferenc phoned me at the office, about five. I was surprised because he always stopped by for me. "I was tired," he said, "and came home early in the afternoon to take a nap. Because we shall celebrate tonight."

"Celebrate?" I tried to think what date this might be, but it meant nothing.

"Yes. We will have a holiday from your too-steady house-wifeness," he said.

I was touched. It was true that I had insisted on doing all the work at the apartment. He had not encouraged my interest in our budget, but I had felt that I must try to balance his extravagances somehow. "You're sweet," I told him. "But I may not have any time to dress. Dr. Dale's just starting the rehearsal and it may be a long time before he's satisfied that the script is set to click off right tonight."

"I know," Ferenc said. "That's why I thought you should go out tonight. Do not take time to come home, but rather go direct to the Ritz where I shall await you. All right?"

"All right," I told him. "And did I remark before that you are sweet?"

He didn't answer, though, for he had hung up too quickly to hear. I was sorry, for I wanted him to have the few spontaneous gestures of affection I could give him. But I had felt like it, and that was something. Maybe these impulses would come oftener, after a while. It was still early, there was hope.

I think I was nearer happiness, right then, thinking of Ferenc's thoughtfulness in trying to make things pleasant for me, anticipating a festive evening together, than I had been at any time since I married him. That was why, perhaps, the blow hit so hard when it came.

The rehearsal, as those that start badly have a way of doing, suddenly improved and went off like a dream, timed to the exact split second. Dr. Dale excused me an hour earlier than I had expected. "I'll have time to go

STAR PORTRAITS

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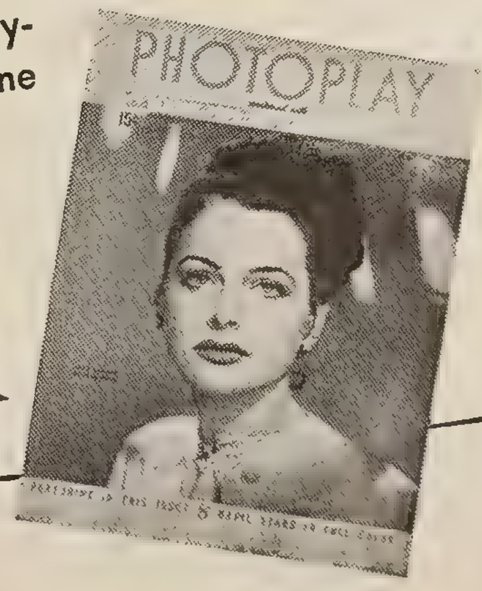

PHOTOPLAY combined with **movie MIRROR**

home and get a shower after all," I thought. I always felt so much gayer after a bath, in fresh clean clothes.

I was humming a scrap of song as I let myself in the door of our apartment. But my tune was cut off short as I stepped inside. Ferenc was crossing the living room toward me, his dark face contorted in something like anger. "I told you—" he began and stopped, biting his lip. His hand had seized my arm and was thrusting me toward the kitchen. His grip was painful but at the moment I did not feel it. For he did not get me to the kitchen quickly enough. My dumbfounded stare had gone beyond his shoulder to see that he was not alone. In just that fleeting instant, as the other man turned on his heel and took a quick stride to the bedroom door, I caught a glimpse of his face.

Why that face should have startled me, I couldn't have said. Surely not because it was unshaved, above rumpled and illfitting clothes. Not because the man was so thin, his eyes staring out of deep hollow sockets. No, it was the expression of those eyes—was it pain, or terror?

It was just weariness, Ferenc said, when at last we were sitting over our drinks. "He had no money," Ferenc went on, "and too much pride. Not until he had slept a week on the benches of the park did he look me up and tell me, his old friend, of his plight."

"But why did you grab me like that?" I asked reproachfully, my hand going to the place on my wrist that still hurt.

"Darling, I am sorry." Ferenc raised the bruised wrist to his lips. "But are you not perhaps a little uncomprehending? Is it not natural that he would wish first to meet you under more—what is the word—auspicious—circumstances?"

"Of course." I was ashamed of my tactlessness. I told myself that the look I had seen on the man's face was only the intense embarrassment of someone who had once known dignity and position and must now accept the charity of friends. "I'm sorry, Ferenc," I said sincerely. "What were you able to do for him?"

"Enough," Ferenc said. "But these thoughts depress you, my dearest. When you think them there is a little line here between your eyes. I will not have it." He put a finger up to smooth my forehead with his deft, delicate touch. I tried to smile. He went on, "He will be gone when we return, my sweet, and you shall never give him another thought."

But his prophecy was far from true. I was to think of that man many times again. I could not keep him out of my mind.

BUT I did not tell Ferenc my thought. Even the next morning, when the tailor's boy came and I went as usual to Ferenc's closet to get whichever suit needed pressing, and found his best one gone. I opened my mouth to question him, but my eyes met his across the room, and I did not speak. I closed the closet door and told the tailor's boy, "Just this skirt today." And that was all.

I tried to laugh at my New England thrift which kept insisting that friendship could have been served with less than Harris tweed. Surely, I kept thinking in spite of my good intentions, it would have been more practical as well as less expensive, to give him money for an adequate suit of his own size than to hand him one that had been custom-tailored to Ferenc's measurements.

Why couldn't I ask such a simple question aloud? I didn't know, then. Perhaps I do now.

But this question, and with it many another, was to find a quick and definite answer.

It was the third morning afterward when I picked up the paper from the floor of the hall outside our door and started back to place it on our sunlit breakfast table. I opened it as I walked, to catch a glance at the headlines before I went to the kitchen for the shirred eggs and the coffee.

But I never saw the news from Stalingrad. What I did see made me stop short in the middle of the room, staring at the picture on the front page, trying to make the caption stay in focus:

RECAPTURED NAZI FLYER
RETURNED TO CANADIAN CAMP

Perhaps I cried out. I don't know. But suddenly Ferenc was beside me, his dark eyes worried, his arm supporting me. I twisted away from him and handed over the paper.

He looked at it and I saw his face tighten into the bleak cold mask I knew so well. He did not speak, though in that moment everything in me was begging, silently entreating him for an explanation. Absurdly, I guess, I still hoped he could deny the evidence before me, though there could be no doubt about the identity of that haggard, hunted face that stared from the newspaper just as it had stared at me in this apartment. But I wanted desperately to hear from Ferenc's lips some miraculous story that would wipe out this whole thing with all its terrible implications.

But Ferenc turned away from me. He simply shrugged and went into his room.

I stood there all the time he was gone, as frozen as a child playing the game of Statue. My thoughts rushed aimlessly, involuntarily, piecing together the scattered parts of the awful puzzle.

I don't know how long it was before he came out, carrying his suitcase.

It was when I saw the suitcase that I came to life. "Oh, no," I said. "You're not going now, Ferenc."

He shrugged again. "No?" he asked. But there was such coldness about that fatalistic mask of his that I suddenly hated him.

"I don't know," I said, holding his arm with all my strength. "But I won't let you run away."

"Won't you?" He laughed. I had never heard him laugh in that harsh way before. In that moment I knew that my heart had known the truth all this time: he was truly a stranger to me.

He flung off my hand as if it were nothing, and with amazing power he forced me helpless across the living room and to the bedroom door. Against my whole futile body's strength he pushed me inside and locked the door.

I was no longer helpless, though. I wasted no time in shouting or beating at that closed door, at listening to his swift, receding footsteps. Before he could have reached our hall, I had the window open.

I KNEW what I would see. Below me was a sheer wall straight down to the courtyard three stories below. Opposite was nothing but the blank back windows of three empty houses, part of a row which had been about to give way to a new apartment building when the war halted the work of their razing. Now they stood beside a yawning vacancy where pigeons nested in the fireplaces exposed in walls to which tatters of old wallpaper still clung. I had liked to watch the pigeons coming home to bed at night, but often I had wondered why Ferenc, so fastidious about his environment, should have chosen an apartment with this limited view. But now I knew. He wanted no neighbors to look in on the mysterious things that might go on at any time in his apartment.

But I wasted no time thinking of that now. There were apartments below, whose windows looked out on this same view. I ran to Ferenc's bedside table and brought back two heavy bronze book-ends. Shouting with all my voice, I threw down first one and then the other, aiming inward toward the window of the apartment below.

They missed, but the second one banged on the window sill of the next apartment down. I heard the high shrill sound of glass shattering on the concrete courtyard. I shouted again and paused as I heard angry voices and a window going up.

I didn't wait to hear their fury vented. I called, "Get the police. Quick." To the absurdly blank upturned face I went on urgently, explaining in quick telling words. The face became intelligent and disappeared.

I sat down on my bed, suddenly weak, now that there was nothing I could do, appalled at what I had already done. But I had had to do it. At last my duty was clear. And there would be still more for me to do. I got up then and dressed.

I was slipping my arms into the sleeves of my jacket when I heard the heavy footsteps of the police outside and a bulky blue shoulder thrust oper the door.

To my babble of fearful questions they had only one answer: "Just come along now." And it was not a very friendly answer. On that short ride, placed firmly between these two heavy men, I realized that my own

One-Minute Prayer

Dear Father in Heaven, we come to Thee seeking peace amidst the sound of crashing empires; seeking certainty in the midst of a changing order. In our world there is so much hate and cruel ambition which spur men on to Godless greed; and nations to unholy conquest. Grant us, that through our confidence in Thee, we may find calmness of soul and courage to help bring in the brotherhood of man and a just and durable peace. In Jesus' Name, Amen.

Submitted by:
Rev. Dr. Cecil C. Carpenter, Minister,
Central Christian Church, Peoria, Ill.

Broadcast over Mutual

position was far from favorable. I was Ferenc's wife, and wives had been known to turn on husbands and tell on them, not for any honorable reasons like patriotism, but for petty private vengeance.

Well, whatever punishment was coming to me now, I knew I deserved it. It was high time for me to try to atone for all these weeks of indecision and weakness.

How I got through the next half hour I don't know. I was taken to a room where, instead of answering my troubled questions about Ferenc, they asked me one after another of their own. I answered honestly and fully, and between the moments when I feared that I would have to faint, I felt a strange deep relief at last in telling the whole truth. I knew where I stood now.

Though the time seemed endless, it was not actually long before they gave me the news I had been asking for. No—I had not been asking for *that* news! But what had I expected, what could I have hoped for Ferenc now? I didn't know. Yet I felt I could not bear it after they had led me into another room, when that policeman's thick stubby hand drew back the blanket that covered the still, slight form lying there as if in deep and utter exhaustion.

HAD to do it," I heard one of them say as if in apology. "Gave him every chance, but this was the only way we could stop him." Looking at his face with the eyes closed as if in sleep and the features at last relaxed into a look of peace, I wondered if Ferenc, too, had decided it was the only way. For him, and for me. He looked as if he had been glad to rest from a life that had been too hard.

Oh, I hoped so. I didn't hate Ferenc any more. Of course he had to pay this price, there was no other way. But I was sure it was not the price of greed or villainy. I am certain that if we ever learn the full unhappy story, we will know that he was caught in a trap from which he felt there was no escape. We probably never shall know that story, but as well as we can piece it out from what is known by Government authorities and the police and Dr. Dale and myself, Ferenc felt himself powerless against the grim weapon the Nazis never hesitated to use—threats against the safety of his mother and the ones he loved in his own country. Knowing what I knew of him, I felt nothing but deep and tender pity. I hope, too, that I gave him a little happiness before he died.

I suppose Bruce heard the news from Mick Callahan and wired me as soon as he heard it. He said that he could get leave at once if there was anything that he could do.

I hadn't answered the wire, the day I went back to work. I had thought of nothing else, but I had not been able to think what to answer him. Not until that day when I went back.

Dr. Dale was there before me, and came hustling out of his office to greet me. He took my hand, studying my face earnestly, and I thought he looked embarrassed, oddly at a loss for words. But when he spoke, all he said was, "I'm glad to have you here. I have had some pretty bad days without you—"

I sighed. Must I take his reproach along with all the rest of my punishment? "I'm sorry, Dr. Dale," I murmured wearily. "You've been awfully

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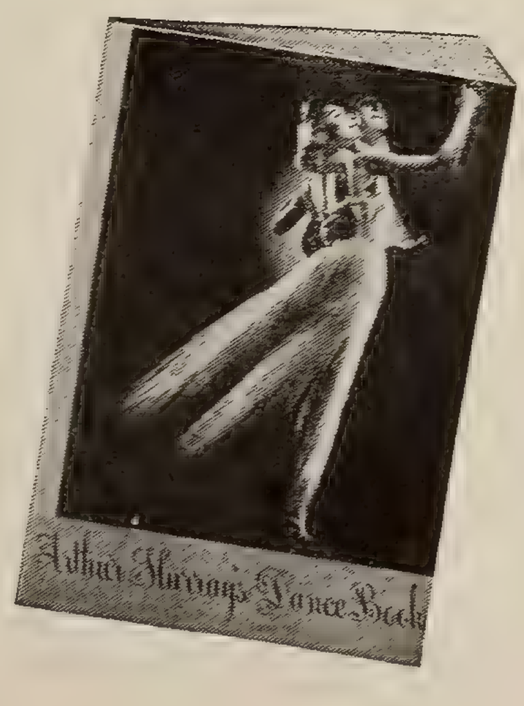

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indulgent about everything—"

"Indulgent?" He took off his glasses and wiped them uneasily. "What little I have done for you is nothing, considering my responsibility in your tragedy."

"Your responsibility?" It was my turn to stare at him. "Why, Dr. Dale, just because you introduced me to Ferenc doesn't make you responsible for—for anything—"

Dr. Dale shook his head. "No, my dear, if that was all I had done—" He walked to the window so that I saw only the back of his rotund figure silhouetted against the sunlight. But there was none of his characteristic suave dignity about him, he seemed almost to droop.

I WAITED, too dazed to answer.

"I have learned a great and painful lesson," Dr. Dale went on as if making a violent effort to hold on to his eloquence, "but it has been at your expense. I have learned that the dictates of the heart can sometimes be wiser than any formula devised by common sense. I have no excuse to offer for my interference in your life. I know that you would never have married Vildar if I had not prevented you from seeing your fiancé—"

"Prevented me—" I came out of my daze with breath-taking suddenness. "Dr. Dale, what did you do? Tell me!"

I wasn't even aware of his remorse. My own feelings were too much. For the first time a gleam of light had burst in on that dark and hopeless world where I had lived all these months.

I hardly needed Dr. Dale's explanation. I knew, somehow, quite clearly, that what he would say would remove the one unbearable thing from my life: the belief that Bruce had not wanted me.

"Bruce arrived a little early at the airport that afternoon," Dr. Dale was saying, "and came directly here. Apparently he could not wait to see you." He said that grimly as if wanting to make clear the full extent of his guilt. "You had gone to the hairdresser and I did what I thought was my duty: I attempted to persuade him of the commonsense point of view. I reminded him of his former conviction that marriage at this time would be unfair to you. He agreed that in the emotional fervor of the night's meeting it would be well-nigh impossible to resist marriage—"

A little groan escaped me then. Through Dr. Dale's pompous phrasing I could see the picture of Bruce as he had stood there in my office that night, tall and young and honest, his blue eyes frank as he told Dr. Dale what I had longed so desperately to know. And Dr. Dale had kept him from telling me! In that moment I held deep resentment against that well-meaning man in his handsome tailored clothes who stood there so penitent that he could not even face me. I missed a good deal of the careful speech he was making. "He finally realized," he was concluding, "that the only safe course was not to get in touch with you at all. I see now how far from common sense that advice was, how brutal even, and I can hardly ask for your forgiveness—" His voice trailed off in a faltering dejection so unlike him that it would have been funny if it had not been so pathetic.

I no longer felt any resentment. I wasn't even thinking of Dr. Dale. I was hardly aware that he had finished talking. I was drawing a sheet of paper toward me, placing it in my typewriter, starting to write. Dr. Dale turned from the window and dimly, from far off, I heard his voice. "Janice, please answer. Can you forgive me?"

My ears heard him, for I remember what he said. But then my mind was too busy rushing to form the words for the thoughts I must express.

Dr. Dale must have seen from my face that my inattention was not due to anger. He came over and stood above me and still I did not stop, I did not care if he saw everything I wrote. I wanted the whole world to know it.

I was writing, of course, to Bruce. I told him the whole story, as I have written it here.

When Dr. Dale left me and went into his own office I don't know. But it was a long time later that I came to the end of my letter:

"And so, darling, that is the truth, those are the mistakes that were made, by all of us. Mine were most grievous, of course, I know, perhaps irreparable. But I must make you know that I have learned to wait. I shall wait, now, whether it is twenty-four hours, ten years, or forever."

Perhaps I did not deserve the answer that came by wire on the day he received my letter. But life does not always hold us to formal account. I shall soon be going to the Southern camp where he is continuing his training. In another period, I should have delayed longer before I went to him. But this is war. We can't know how many months or weeks we shall have together.

Our honeymoon will be less sweet, perhaps, in many ways, for what I have gone through. But as I said before, there were great and wonderful things I learned in those experiences. I feel that with my painfully gained maturity I may make up to Bruce for the unhappy facts which will inevitably haunt his mind through moments that should hold nothing but ecstasy for him. I shall know my heart as I never could have known it before. If complete and utter love is what is needed to win the war—and I believe it is—that is what he shall have.

THE END

Facing the Music

Continued from page 7

Tony had to take all these odd jobs when he was a youngster. The oldest of six children, the boy had to help his father keep a large but poor family together.

"And when you're desperate you do anything," he adds. "Gosh, by the time I was fifteen, I was the family's chief breadwinner."

But it was his love for music, a family heritage carried over from a once-sunny Italy, that gave the boy a real opportunity. He purchased a saxophone, practiced diligently, and soon got jobs playing in small local bands in and around his home town of Middletown, Connecticut. This work paid more than any other of his varied occupations and made him decide on music for his career.

Once he had gained experience, Tony broke in with Worthy Hill's band, a regional favorite at the time. Two years later he switched to Irving Aaronson's band, and stayed with that outfit until they reached the west coast. There Tony hatched an idea.

"I saw a perfect but discarded night club set at the Fox film studios. I thought it would make a swell roadhouse if I could ship it back to Connecticut," he says.

With the financial assistance of his father-in-law and friends, Tony invested $50,000 in the project and the scenery was sent east.

At first the conversion was successful. Then the nationwide depression came and the customers went. Almost wiped out, Tony went back to playing a sweet tenor saxophone in Smith Ballew's and Vincent Lopez's bands. Finally he hooked up with a talented if temperamental newcomer named Artie Shaw and stayed with him as the clarinetist rose to jive fame and fortune.

When Shaw was forced off the bandstand by illness, Tony pinch-hit for his ailing boss. He led the band for six weeks and attracted attention from band bookers. This recognition made an impression on Pastor and when Shaw ultimately disbanded his organization, Tony gathered a few of the men and started his own orchestra.

Tony's band slowly but surely won public favor. A best-selling record of an old Cole Porter tune, "Let's Do It," sung in Tony's raspy but infectious swing tempo, and the sensational drum-beating of Johnny "Paradiddle" Morris, helped immeasurably. However, the band is still not among the leaders.

"All we're waiting for is that little shove," Tony explains. "After all, it took Glenn Miller four years to make the grade and Harry James had to wait six years before he hit the jackpot. My band is only three years old so we can afford to be patient for a while."

Although the musicians' union's present ban on recordings has prevented the Pastor band and all others from turning out any new best-sellers, Tony's outfit has been winning more and more top-flight bookings. Then too, many older bands have been practically wiped out by selective service. Tony, the father of two boys, Guy Louis, 10, and Tony Junior, 6, is at the present time deferred. And this position has made him a very valuable commodity.

PASTOR is not the thirty-five-year-old batoneer's right name. A friendly theater doorman, unable to pronounce Tony's family one, suggested Pastor, borrowing it from the late Tony Pastor, a renowned New York vaudeville producer of the Gay Nineties.

Tony and his family live in a large, modern house in Hartford. Tony doesn't see much of the place (he's on a lengthy coast-to-coast tour right now) but he does get accurate and first-hand reports from his wife and boys via the long distance telephone.

"It's home sweet home with a neat assist from Alexander Graham Bell," is the way he expresses the situation.

Get your hair into line!

By Roberta Ormiston

Learn the few basic rules for beautiful hair and you'll look as lovely as Margo, heard on the Camel Caravan Friday nights on CBS.

TIME is more precious than ever before. So is money.

We find that our war jobs permit us fewer appointments at the hairdressers, for one thing. And certainly the bonds we're pledged to buy leave us less money for general hair care. Simpler ways of keeping our hair waved and gleaming and modish are what we need.

Take the matter of permanent waves . . .

The proper time to worry about the duration of a permanent is when we are having it put in. Once it is in it is too late to worry.

The morning after a party, for instance, is no time to have a permanent. Permanents and alcohol do not mix.

In spite of the fact that a shampoo before a permanent is the usual procedure at most beauty salons the natural oil that a shampoo takes from the scalp and hair would benefit us at this time.

Certain curls need more heat . . . the curls in the back for instance, which constantly are being rubbed by collars and nicked by beads.

Another thing! The operator who gives a permanent should be told if a rinse, tint, or dye has been used on our hair. When we fool the operator we also fool ourselves. For without special consideration, hair that has been subjected to artificial coloring is not likely to respond satisfactorily.

Contrary to popular opinion a hairbrush is not death to a permanent. And it is life-giving to the hair. Brush your hair *up and out* and you will find that it will spring back into the waves in which it has been set.

Be sure, however, that your wave is set with the natural bend of your hair. There is no hair so straight that there isn't a natural bend in it. If you will fluff your hair with a comb you'll see immediately where your natural bend lies.

Oily hair should be brushed and shampooed and brushed and shampooed. Following a shampoo, oily hair should be brushed dry, even though it has to be moistened again before it can be set.

Dry hair benefits when we manipulate our scalp and start whatever oil is there circulating. It needs brushing too. Also regular shampoos about every ten days. And hot oil shampoos about every twenty days.

War-time coiffures should be simple. Crowded days and uncertain demands upon our time make complicated hair-dos utterly impractical and, by the same token, a little ridiculous. For what under the sun is less charming than a fussy hair-do that hasn't been sufficiently fussed over?

No one except your best friend, your mirror, can tell you how to wear your hair. But there are a few basic rules that it is smart to follow:

Oval faces which take their name from their perfect contours are loveliest with the hair arranged so it is faithful to the line of the face at all points. And with the hair off the forehead.

Round faces which are full at the jaw and the forehead profit by a soft hair-line, and when the hair is worn full at the jawline and below it.

A square face, broad at the jaw, with a square line at the chin and the temples, will be enchantingly softened by a fluffy coiffure, a waved bang, and a slanting part.

An oblong face, a face that is long and thin with a forehead a trifle wider than the chin, gains an appearance of greater width when the hair is worn flat on top of the head, fluffed at the sides or worn full behind the ears, and when the hairline is on a level with the chin.

Triangle faces, with narrow tapering foreheads and broad jaws, come into their greatest beauty when the hair is brushed back from the temples, the forehead is exposed, and the hair line is soft behind the ears and sleek at the jaw.

Diamond faces, wide through the cheekbones with pointed chins and narrow foreheads, are most provocative if the hair is worn off the forehead, soft and close on top of the head and at the upper sides of the face, and full below the cheeks.

Get your hair into line—in more ways than one! Make it your crown and your glory. But do not allow it to be a problem.

Don't Neglect Bread

Continued from page 40

enough to make a firm basket. Rub each basket, inside and out, with butter and let baskets stand in 350 degree oven until butter is absorbed and bread is beginning to brown, then fill each one with carrots which have been combined with white sauce. Run hard-cooked egg through ricer and sprinkle over carrot mixture, dust with mace and return to oven to brown.

Bread pudding is such an old favorite that it seems superfluous to mention it, but you'll never know how good it can be until you make it with whole wheat raisin or nut bread. Half cracked wheat and half Boston brown bread make another good pudding combination and apricot bread pudding as served at Schrafft's restaurants is one of the best of all.

Apricot Bread Pudding

5 slices stale cracked wheat bread
Dried cooked apricots, well drained
½ cup sugar
2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups milk
¼ tsp. salt
1 tsp. vanilla
2 tbls. butter

Cut crusts from bread and break each slice into four or five pieces. Place in shallow casserole or baking dish which has been rubbed with butter. Lay an apricot on each piece of bread and sprinkle ¼ cup of sugar over them. Beat eggs, add remaining sugar, salt, milk and vanilla. Pour this custard over the mixture in the baking dish and let stand 15 minutes. Dot with remaining butter and bake in a slow oven until custard is set (350 degree F., about 30 minutes).

Mock raspberry shortcake can be made almost as quickly as you can say it, because it requires only two slices of bread for each person to be served, butter and jam.

Mock Raspberry Shortcake

2 slices fresh cracked wheat bread
1 tsp. soft butter or margarine
Raspberry jam

Butter both sides of bread and brown lightly on both sides (under low broiler flame or in skillet on top of stove). Spread jam on one slice, cover with second slice and top with a second layer of jam. Serve while still warm. Strawberry, blackberry, peach or quince jam or orange marmalade also make delicious shortcakes and if you prefer a more elaborate dessert add a layer of chopped nuts or shredded coconut to each jam layer and serve with a topping of whipped cream.

What's New from Coast to Coast

Continued from page 4

England to America he hired Bobby, and during 1936 and 1937 he was first violinist with the Noble outfit at the Rainbow Room in New York. He liked radio work better, though, and finally returned to the Yankee network, where he had been assistant conductor before Noble's arrival, and organized the Singing Strings, a chamber music ensemble that became so popular it was relayed coast to coast.

Bobby's House Party orchestra is the fulfillment of a lifelong ambition. He handpicked the fourteen musicians himself, to create a unit versatile enough to play all kinds of music. Right now, he has only two topics of conversation—the orchestra and little Linda Norris, who was born last June 7th, the second anniversary of Bobby's marriage.

* * *

Lawson Zerbe is playing Pepper in Pepper Young's Family, now that Curtis Arnall is on full-time, active duty with the Coast Guard.

* * *

That's a clever idea CBS has in its new Monday-night program, Daytime Showcase. Each week one of the network's top daytime attractions puts on a complete broadcast in the night-time period—thus reminding folks who confine their listening to the evening hours that there are some "best bets" while the sun is shining, too.

* * *

Very few people knew it until long after Bob Hope returned from his trip to Alaska, but there was one tense moment when death stared every member of his party in the face. Bob, Frances Langford, and Jerry Colonna were being flown back to an Alaska base after an appearance on one of the Aleutians. The plane hit a sleet storm, its radio went dead, and fog obscured the landing field. The pilot took on more altitude, meanwhile telling Bob and the others to don parachutes, and instructing them how to use them. For about fifteen minutes a bail-out appeared imminent, but luckily the fog cleared away and the landing field was revealed so that the plane was able to come safely to earth.

* * *

NASHVILLE, Tenn.—Jack Shook, leader of the Missouri Mountaineers on station WSM's Grand Ole Opry, plays his guitar backwards but that doesn't make any difference—he gets a lot of music out of it just the same.

The Missouri Mountaineers, with Jack at their helm, have been on the Opry for the past six years, and are one of its most popular features. Saturday nights aren't the only opportunities for Tennessee folks to hear Jack, however, for he is also the leader of the station's quartet, Betty and the Dixie Dons. As if to prove his versatility, he plays in the station's orchestra and makes all the musical arrangements for the Mountaineers and the Dons, on the side.

This is how Jack manages to play the guitar backwards. It is strung for a right-handed player, but he plays with his left hand, which literally means that he fingers and strums backwards. He also plays the banjo, but in the orthodox manner.

Jack's married—he and Rubye will celebrate their eighth wedding anniversary next January 5—and has two children, James and Barbara Ann. When he's not busy at the studios, and the season is right, he'll probably be found engaged in his favorite sport of fly-fishing, at which he is an expert.

* * *

It's a new daughter at Penny Singleton's house. The baby was born in Quantico, Virginia, where the Blondie star's husband, Captain Robert S. Sparks of the Marines, is stationed.

* * *

Don't write in to your favorite radio star asking for his or her picture unless you enclose a dime. A group of stars headed by Barry Wood have agreed to charge ten cents for every picture they send out to fans for the duration, turning the money over to the USO. As a matter of fact, ten cents is a bargain—each picture costs the stars a good deal more than that.

* * *

The Road of Life cast has adopted one whole ward of the Naval Hospital at Great Lakes, Illinois—in other words, the actors and actresses of this popular serial have pledged themselves to keep Ward "A" of the hospital supplied with books, magazines, candy and other gifts approved by Naval authorities.

* * *

Something of a radio record is being achieved by the Lutheran Hour, the Mutual network's Sunday feature. This religious program is now well into its tenth year of uninterrupted weekly broadcasts, and it is currently heard over at least 450 different stations, including the entire Mutual network. In addition, it is translated into Spanish, Portuguese and Icelandic and recorded for broadcast in South America and Iceland. Dr. Walter A. Maier, professor at Concordia Seminary in St. Louis, is the show's guiding light and principal speaker.

* * *

Actress Ona Munson has taken to directing radio programs instead of being in them. She noticed that the list of masculine directors at CBS was dwindling, due to the war, and offered her services as a substitute. CBS hired her in a hurry, knowing that her four years of acting on Edward G. Robinson's program had given her lots of radio experience.

* * *

Lanny Ross is breaking into grand opera. He sang the leading tenor role in "La Boheme" in Detroit.

* * *

Ann Thomas drew radio's oddest assignment. She had to learn to whinny like a horse to audition for a new Col. Stoopnagle show which may hit the networks soon.

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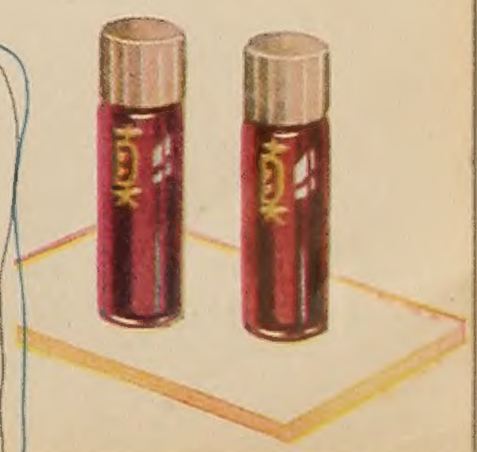

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